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STATE OF PARTIES IN FRANCE.

Mœurs Politiques du XIX^e Siècle. Par Alexis Dumesnil. Paris, 1830. Audin.

THE position of France at this moment is perfectly incomprehensible, even to the French themselves. The nation, in fact, is in one of those periods of transition, in which it may be said to have no character, being in the very act of putting off one character, and assuming another. This circumstance, which does not altogether escape observation, though, we believe, it is not sufficiently attended to, is the cause why ordinary speculators in politics and philosophy find it impossible to satisfy their minds respecting the destiny of their country: some being disposed to hope for a perfect regeneration; while others, in whom feebleness of character extinguishes hope, look forward to nothing short of political annihilation. Among this latter party must be classed M. Alexis Dumesnil, author of the "Political Manners of the Nineteenth Century."

This work, which, in itself, is entitled to but little notice, acquires a sort of claim to attention, from its having excited considerable curiosity in France. For the first few days after its appearance,—and there, the fame of new books lasts but a few days,—nothing was talked of but the "vivacious" and "amusing" satire of M. Dumesnil. Having now been published two or three weeks, it is become a stale affair upon the Continent; but, as we believe it is still a novelty on this side of the channel, we shall just give our readers a peep at its character and contents.

The principal aim of the author is to persuade his countrymen that they are dead and buried. Nothing less. "You talk," says he, "of political regeneration, of the perfectibility of man, and of the benefits to be derived from commerce and industry: but, to what purpose do you amuse yourselves with all these chimeras and phantoms? Are you not already in the grave? Has not the earth closed over you? With whom do I argue, but with the ghosts and shades of departed Frenchmen?" This is his language; and, for a few pages, such extravagant nonsense is tolerable. But when a man goes on through a whole octavo volume, raving in the same note, our patience is tired out, and we are provoked to gag the noisy lugubrious pedant. M. Dumesnil, however, is by no means singular in France, where he may, in fact, be said to represent a whole class of writers,—all regretting the past, weeping over the present, and pretending to tremble for the future. These miserable scribblers forget that it was always thus; that weak and timid minds are always devoured by terrors and vain regrets; and that when men fail to distinguish themselves among their contemporaries, they invariably betake themselves to abuse and malignant satire.

We have already said, that the position of France is incomprehensible, and we repeat it; but it is so, merely because mystification wilfully throws a cloud over it. Nothing is suffered to appear there at present in its natural light: religion, literature, politics, every thing is wrapped in a mantle of artifice, which conceals the form, and misleads the observer. Unfortunately, too,

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there are few or none of the superior minds among them, who could pierce through this outward covering, and detect the mystery lurking beneath; and the task being undertaken by incompetent persons, like the author before us, the confusion and uncertainty are only rendered more palpable and complete. To what party in the country this satirist belongs, it is immaterial to inquire. A French critic, who has been at the pains, like ourselves, to wade through his vapid declamations, appears to imagine that he must belong to that of the republic, and be devoured with spleen at the overthrow of all his hopes by the restoration of the Bourbons. The circumstance, however, as we have said, is immaterial;—but one thing is clear—he belongs to the party who are discontented, and is determined not to devour his griefs in secret.

The only portion of his book which could have either instructed or amused, is a series of portraits of persons who have distinguished themselves during the last forty years, by being

Everything by turns, and nothing long;

but, whatever may be the case in Paris, where these illustrious changelings reside, the pictures are not to be recognized by a foreigner, under the absurd denominations which he has given them. What do we know of "Lancelot,"—"Lucrophile,"—"Dorimont,"—&c.? Of course M. Dumesnil was right in keeping clear, as well as he could, of libel; but, could he have repressed the lust of satire, and have described characters as they were, or with a trifling softening of the truth, he might have mentioned names, and been more interesting.

One of the most singular traits of this writer is his contempt for the literature of the present age, while, practically, he belongs to the very worst school, as far as style and taste are concerned, which has prevailed for the last fifty years. Let the reader take, as a specimen of his manner, the commencement of the work:—"I belong," says he, "to a generation which has never known the sweet quiet of the domestic hearth. Cradled by the noise of the thunder, it began its first sports upon ruins and bloody wrecks. I still remember, that the standards which I saw borne along in my infancy, were the heads and palpitating entrails of men: and the crowd which followed, bellowing as they went, shook in the air strips of human flesh, and the garments they had torn from their victims. This generation has grown up among civil wars, in the presence of scaffolds and executions; it has seen the traditions of its forefathers extinguished in waves of blood; and has beheld, as it were, the chain of life, and the immutable order of generations broken. Immense chasms have been opened in the ranks of society—rage and despair have spared no one—vanquishers and vanquished have sunk together into the gulf—and now, we that remain, after so much noise, and such prodigious exertions, witnesses or actors, the scattered fragments of another age, must finish our days in the shadow of a contract entered into by the weak and the timid on the tomb of the brave. We might say to those who boast of their political forgetfulness—'Yes, you have forgotten every thing, even the million of men who have fallen for liberty, and the entire

people of martyrs who had their throats cut in La Vendée! Yes, you have forgotten every thing, even the holy laws of justice, and the sanctity of oaths! But learn also, that you live in an age in which statues only appear for a moment on their pedestals—in an age, in which the images of great men, in turn mutilated and destroyed, command only that kind of respect which was formerly felt for objects stricken by the thunderbolt! Idols, in fact, pass rapidly away, altars are quickly overthrown, and the age appears impatient to avenge itself. Alas! let justice then be done! signal justice! Let implacable destiny pursue to the end a greatness which sports with truth, and strike without pity all glory which does not command solid virtue. The curse which falls upon the powerful, is a smile from heaven for the honest man!"

Imagine a book written from beginning to end in this style, without one new idea, without one original metaphor, one single solitary thought which has not been met with a thousand times before, and you will have formed a correct notion of the "Political Manners of the Nineteenth Century;" and of a great number of other books which have lately appeared in France. The taste for barren generalities is not yet worn out in that country;—they philosophize pompously and childishly upon the most worthless trifles; and, observing that in all other countries there are also some weak intellects who pursue the same system, they congratulate themselves upon the circumstance, and imagine they are taking the lead in the affairs of this world. Even the most respectable writers in France fall, occasionally, into this stupid vein. For example, the "Globe," in noticing the very book before us, has the following notable passage: "That cannot be so very despicable a nation, which at the present moment, after so many disasters, still reigns over Europe by the force of thought." Reigns over Europe! In what way? By translating and imitating our novels? By stealing their philosophy from Germany, and by stifling among themselves the voice of conscience, and the dignity of human nature! It will give the reader some light into the state of literature in France, to inform him that Richardson is regarded by its critics as one of our first-rate authors, barely inferior to Shakspeare; and that Thomson and Young are enumerated among our greatest poets. The forgeries of Macpherson, also—the Ossianic fragments—still command the admiration of this tasteful people, who rule over all Europe by the power of intellect! The truth is, that the French are lamentably ignorant of every literature but their own; and that they will persist, in spite of this ignorance, to criticize the productions of their neighbours. No doubt they may hereafter, when they have qualified themselves by acquiring their language, be competent to enjoy the productions of a Milton and a Shakspeare; but at present there is not a nation in Europe more blind to the higher beauties of our literature than they; and this, moreover, is so thoroughly felt in England, that we have long been utterly regardless of their praise or censure. As to imitating them in any thing, it is a well-known fact, that nothing is so sure to ruin an author among us, as the suspicion of his being infected with French taste, or French principles.

LORD BYRON.

Letters and Journals of Lord Byron; with Notices of his Life. By Thomas Moore. 2 vols. 4to. Vol. I. London, 1830. Murray.

OUR readers will expect us to supply them with some specimens of this long-expected and amusing work. Our extracts and observations would together form an article considerably too long for the space we can at present assign to one work. We will therefore give, in the first place, the portions which must naturally excite the greatest interest, namely, the quotations from Lord Byron and Moore.

The following extracts relate to a story of Lord Byron's early life, of which little, if anything, has hitherto come before the public.

"But though, for a time, he may have felt this sort of estrangement at Cambridge, to remain long without attaching himself was not in his nature; and the friendship which he now formed with a youth named Eddleston, who was two years younger than himself, even exceeded in warmth and romance all his schoolboy attachments. This boy, whose musical talents first drew them together, was, at the commencement of their acquaintance, one of the choir at Cambridge, though he afterwards, it appears, entered into a mercantile line of life; and this disparity in their stations was by no means without its charm for Byron, as gratifying at once both his pride and good-nature, and founding the tie between them on the mutually dependent relations of protection on the one side, and gratitude and devotion on the other;—the only relations, according to Lord Bacon, in which the little friendship that still remains in the world is to be found. It was upon a gift presented to him by Eddleston that he wrote those verses entitled 'The Cornelian,' which were printed in his first, unpublished volume, and of which the following is a stanza.

Some, who can sneer at friendship's ties,
Have for my weakness oft reproved me;
Yet still the simple gift I prize,
For I am sure the giver loved me." p. 62.

The next passages are from his letters to a lady, his friendship with whom appears to have been honourable both to him and to her.

"On Monday I depart for London. I quit Cambridge with little regret, because our set are vanished, and my musical protégé before mentioned has left the choir, and is stationed in a mercantile house of considerable eminence in the metropolis. You may have heard me observe he is exactly to an hour, two years younger than myself. I found him grown considerably, and, as you will suppose, very glad to see his former Patron. He is nearly my height, very thin, very fair complexion, dark eyes, and light locks. My opinion of his mind you already know;—I hope I shall never have occasion to change it. Every body here conceives me to be an *invalid*. The University at present is very gay, from the fêtes of divers kinds. I supped out last night, but eat (or ate) nothing, sipped a bottle of claret, went to bed at two and rose at eight. I have commenced early rising and find it agrees with me. The Masters and the Fellows all very polite, but look a little askance—don't much admire *lampoons*—truth always disagreeable." p. 111-12.

To Miss —.

Trin. Coll. Camb., July 5th, 1807.

"Since my last letter I have determined to reside another year at Grants, as my rooms, &c. &c. are finished in great style, several old friends come up again, and many new acquaintances made; consequently my inclination leads me forward, and I shall return to College in October, if still alive. My life here has been one continued routine of dissipation—out at different places every day, engaged to more dinners, &c. &c. than my stay would permit me to fulfil. At this moment I write with a bottle of claret in

my head and tears in my eyes; for I have just parted with my 'Cornelian,' who spent the evening with me. As it was our last interview, I postponed my engagement to devote the hours of the Sabbath to friendship:—Eddleston and I have separated for the present, and my mind is a chaos of hope and sorrow. To-morrow I set out for London: you will address your answer to Gordon's Hotel, Albemarle-street, where I sojourn during my visit to the metropolis.

"I rejoice to hear you are interested in my protégé: he has been my almost constant associate since October, 1805, when I entered Trinity College. His voice first attracted my attention, his countenance fixed it, and his manners attached me to him for ever. He departs for a mercantile house in town in October, and we shall probably not meet till the expiration of my minority, when I shall leave to his decision either entering as a partner through my interest, or residing with me altogether. Of course he would in his present frame of mind prefer the latter, but he may alter his opinion previous to that period;—however, he shall have his choice. I certainly love him more than any human being, and neither time or distance have had the least effect on my (in general) changeable disposition. In short, we shall put *Lady E. Butler* and *Miss Ponsonby* to the blush, *Pyriades* and *Orestes* out of countenance, and want nothing but a catastrophe like *Nisus* and *Euryalus*, to give *Jonathan* and *David* the 'go by.' He certainly is perhaps more attached to me than even I am in return. During the whole of my residence at Cambridge we met every day, summer and winter, without passing one tiresome moment, and separated each time with increasing reluctance. I hope you will one day see us together, he is the only being I esteem, though I like many." p. 112-13.

The conclusion of this singular and touching anecdote is given by Mr. Moore in a note.

"It may be as well to mention here the sequel of this enthusiastic attachment. In the year 1811 young Eddleston died of a consumption, and the following letter, addressed by Lord Byron to the mother of his fair Southwell correspondent, will show with what melancholy faithfulness, among the many his heart had then to mourn for, he still dwelt on the memory of his young college friend.

Cambridge, Oct. 28th, 1811.

"Dear Madam,—I am about to write to you on a silly subject, and yet I cannot well do otherwise. You may remember a *cornelian*, which some years ago I consigned to Miss ****, indeed gave to her, and now I am going to make the most selfish and rude of requests. The person who gave it to me, when I was very young, is dead, and though a long time has elapsed since we met, as it was the only memorial I possessed of that person (in whom I was very much interested), it has acquired a value by this event I could have wished it never to have borne in my eyes. If, therefore, Miss **** should have preserved it, I must, under the circumstances, beg her to excuse my requesting it to be transmitted to me, at No. 8, St. James's-street, London, and I will replace it by something she may remember me by equally well. As she was always so kind as to feel interested in the fate of him that formed the subject of our conversation, you may tell her that the giver of that *cornelian* died in May last of a consumption, at the age of twenty-one, making the sixth, within four months, of friends and relatives that I have lost between May and the end of August.

"Believe me, dear madam,

"yours very sincerely,

"BYRON.

"P.S. I go to London to-morrow."

"The *cornelian* heart was, of course, returned, and Lord Byron, at the same time, reminded that he had left it with Miss **** as a deposit, not a gift." p. 113-14.

The subjoined letter from Lord Byron contains some particulars with regard to a remarkable man.

To Mr. Murray.

Ravenna, June 12, 1830.

"What you said of the late Charles Skinner Matthews has set me to my recollections; but I have not been able to turn up anything which would do for the purposed Memoir of his brother,—even if he had previously done enough during his life to sanction the introduction of anecdotes so merely personal. He was, however, a very extraordinary man, and would have been a great one. No one ever succeeded in a more surpassing degree than he did, as far as he went. He was indolent too; but whenever he stripped, he overthrew all antagonists. His conquests will be found registered at Cambridge, particularly his *Downing* one, which was hotly and highly contested and yet easily won. Hobhouse was his most intimate friend, and can tell you more of him than any man. William Bankes also a great deal. I myself recollect more of his oddities than of his academical qualities, for we lived most together at a very idle period of my life. When I went up to Trinity in 1805, at the age of seventeen and a half, I was miserable and untoward to a degree. I was wretched at leaving Harrow, to which I had become attached during the two last years of my stay there; wretched at going to Cambridge instead of Oxford (there were no rooms vacant at Christchurch); wretched from some private domestic circumstances of different kinds, and consequently about as unsocial as a wolf taken from the troop. So that, although I knew Matthews, and met him often at Bankes's (who was my collegiate pastor, and master, and patron), and at Rhode's, Milnes's, Price's, Dick's, Macnamara's, Farrell's, Galley Knight's, and others of that set of cotemporaries, yet I was neither intimate with him nor with any one else, except my old schoolfellow Edward Long (with whom I used to pass the day in riding and swimming), and William Bankes, who was good-naturedly tolerant of my ferocities.

"It was not till 1807, after I had been upwards of a year away from Cambridge, to which I had returned again to reside for my degree, that I became one of Matthews's familiars, by means of H**, who, after hating me for two years, because I wore a white hat and a gray coat and rode a gray horse (as he says himself), took me into his good graces because I had written some poetry. I had always lived a good deal, and got drunk occasionally, in their company—but now we became really friends in a morning. Matthews, however, was not at this period resident in College. I met him chiefly in London, and at uncertain periods at Cambridge. H**, in the mean time, did great things: he founded the Cambridge 'Whig Club' (which he seems to have forgotten), and the 'Amicable Society,' which was dissolved in consequence of the members constantly quarrelling, and made himself very popular with 'us youth,' and no less formidable to all tutors, professors, and heads of Colleges. William B** was gone; while he staid, he ruled the roast—or rather the roasting—and was father of all mischiefs.

"Matthews and I, meeting in London, and elsewhere, became great cronies. He was not good-tempered—nor am I—but with a little tact his temper was manageable, and I thought him so superior a man, that I was willing to sacrifice something to his humours, which were often, at the same time, amusing and provoking. What became of his papers (and he certainly had many), at the time of his death, was never known. I mention this by the way, fearing to skip it over, and as he wrote remarkably well, both in Latin and English. We went down to Newstead together, where I had got a famous cellar, and Monks' dresses from a masquerade warehouse,

We were a company of some seven or eight, with an occasional neighbour or so for visitors, and used to sit up late in our Friars' dresses, drinking burgundy, claret, champagne, and what not, out of the *skull-cap*, and all sorts of glasses, and buffooning all around the house, in our conventual garments. Matthews always denominated me 'the Abbot,' and never called me by any other name in his good humours, to the day of his death. The harmony of these our symposia was somewhat interrupted, a few days after our assembling, by Matthews's threatening to throw 'bold W**' (as he was called, from winning a foot-match, and a horse-match, the first from Ipswich to London, and the second from Brighthelmstone) by threatening to throw 'bold W**' out of a window, in consequence of I know not what commerce of jokes ending in this epigram, W** came to me and said, that 'his respect and regard for me as host would permit him to call out any of my guests, and that he should go to town next morning.' He did. It was in vain that I represented to him that the window was not high, and that the turf under it was particularly soft. Away he went.

"Matthews and myself had travelled down from London together, talking all the way incessantly upon one single topic. When we got to Loughborough, I know not what chasm had made us diverge for a moment to some other subject, at which he was indignant. 'Come,' said he, 'don't let us break through—let us go on as we began, to our journey's end,' and so he continued, and was entertaining as ever to the very end. He had previously occupied, during my year's absence from Cambridge, my rooms in Trinity, with the furniture; and Jones the tutor, in his odd way, had said, on putting him in, 'Mr. Matthews, I recommend to your attention not to damage any of the moveables, for Lord Byron, sir, is a young man of *tumultuous passions*.' Matthews was delighted with this; and whenever any body came to visit him, begged them to handle the very door with caution; and used to repeat Jones's admonition, in his tone and manner. There was a large mirror in the room, on which he remarked, 'that he thought his friends were grown uncommonly assiduous in coming to see him, but he soon discovered that they only came to see themselves.' Jones's phrase of '*tumultuous passions*,' and the whole scene, had put him into such good humour, that I verily believe, that I owed to it a portion of his good graces.

"When at Newstead, somebody by accident rubbed against one of his white silk stockings, one day before dinner; of course the gentleman apologized. 'Sir,' answered Matthews, 'it may be all very well for you, who have a great many silk stockings, to dirty other people's; but to me, who have only this one pair, which I have put on in honour of the Abbot here, no apology can compensate me for such carelessness: besides, the expense of washing.' He had the same sort of droll sardonic way about every thing. A wild Irishman, named F**, one evening beginning to say something at a large supper at Cambridge, Matthews roared out 'Silence!' and then, pointing to F**, cried out, in the words of the oracle, '*Orson is endowed with reason*.' You may easily suppose that Orson lost what reason he had acquired, on hearing this compliment. When H** published his volume of Poems, the Miscellany (which Matthews would call the '*Mis-sell-any*'), all that could be drawn from him was, that the preface was 'extremely like *Walsh*.' H** thought this at first a compliment; but we never could make out what it was, for all we know of *Walsh* is his Ode to King William, and Pope's epithet of '*knowing Walsh*.' When the Newstead party broke up for London, H** and Matthews, who were the greatest friends possible, agreed, for a whim, to walk together to town. They quar-

relled by the way, and actually walked the latter half of their journey, occasionally passing and repassing, without speaking. When Matthews had got to Highgate, he had spent all his money but threepence halfpenny, and determined to spend that also in a pint of beer, which I believe he was drinking before a public-house, as H** passed him (still without speaking) for the last time on their route. They were reconciled in London again.

"One of Matthews's passions was 'the Fancy;' and he sparred uncommonly well. But he always got beaten in rows, or combats with the bare fist. In swimming too, he swam well; but with *effort* and *labour*, and too high out of the water; so that Scrope Davies and myself, of whom he was therein somewhat emulous, always told him that he would be drowned if ever he came to a difficult pass in the water. He was so; but surely Scrope and myself would have been most heartily glad that

'the Dean had lived,
And our prediction proved a lie.'

"His head was uncommonly handsome, very like what *Pope's* was in his youth.

"His voice, and laugh, and features, are strongly resembled by his brother Henry's, if Henry be he of *King's College*. His passion for boxing was so great, that he actually wanted me to match him with Dogherty (whom I had backed and made the match for against Tom Belcher), and I saw them spar together at my own lodgings with the gloves on. As he was bent upon it, I would have backed Dogherty to please him, but the match went off. It was of course to have been a private fight in a private room.

"On one occasion, being too late to go home and dress, he was equipped by a friend (Mr. Bailey, I believe), in a magnificently fashionable and somewhat exaggerated shirt and neckcloth. He proceeded to the Opera, and took his station in *Fop's Alley*. During the interval between the opera and the ballet, an acquaintance took his station by him, and saluted him: 'Come round,' said Matthews, 'come round.' 'Why should I come round?' said the other; 'you have only to turn your head—I am close by you.' 'That is exactly what I cannot do,' answered Matthews: 'don't you see the state I am in?' pointing to his buckram shirt collar, and inflexible cravat,—and there he stood with his head always in the same perpendicular position during the whole spectacle.

"One evening, after dining together, as we were going to the Opera, I happened to have a spare Opera ticket (as subscriber to a box), and presented it to Matthews. 'Now sir,' said he to Hobhouse afterwards, 'this I call *courteous* in the Abbot—another man would never have thought that I might do better with half a guinea than throw it to a door-keeper;—but here is a man not only asks me to dinner, but gives me a ticket for the theatre.' These were only his oddities, for no man was more liberal, or more honourable in all his doings and dealings than Matthews. He gave Hobhouse and me, before we set out for Constantinople, a most splendid entertainment, to which we did ample justice. One of his fancies was dining at all sorts of out of the way places. Somebody popped upon him, in I know not what coffee-house in the Strand—and what do you think was the attraction? Why, that he paid a shilling (I think) to *dine with his hat on*. This he called his '*hat house*,' and used to boast of the comfort of being covered at meal-times.

"When Sir Henry Smith was expelled from Cambridge for a row with a tradesman named 'Hiron,' Matthews solaced himself with shouting under Hiron's windows every evening,

'Ah me! What perils do environ
The man who meddles with hot Hiron.'

"He was also of that band of profane scoffers, who, under the auspices of F**, used to rouse Lord Mansel (late Bishop of Bristol) from his

slumbers in the lodge of Trinity, and when he appeared at the window foaming with wrath, and crying out 'I know you, gentlemen, I know you!' were wont to reply, 'We beseech thee to hear us, good *Lort*—Good *Lort*, deliver us!' (*Lort* was his christian name.) As he was very free in his speculations upon all kinds of subjects, although by no means either dissolute or intemperate in his conduct, and as I was no less independent, our conversation and correspondence used to alarm our friend Hobhouse to a considerable degree.

"You must almost be tired of my packets, which will have cost a mint of postage.

"Salute Gifford and all my friends.
"Yours, &c."

p. 125—130.

The following paragraph gives some slight but curious touches of the poet's character.

"On the 14th of July his fellow-traveller and himself took their departure from Constantinople on board the *Salsette* frigate,—Mr. Hobhouse with the intention of accompanying the ambassador to England, and Lord Byron with the resolution of visiting his beloved Greece again. To Mr. Adair he appeared, at this time (and I find that Mr. Bruce, who met him afterwards at Athens, conceived the same impression of him), to be labouring under great dejection of spirits. One circumstance, related to me, as having occurred in the course of the passage, is not a little striking. Perceiving, as he walked the deck, a small yataghan, or Turkish dagger, on one of the benches, he took it up, unsheathed it, and, having stood for a few moments contemplating the blade, was heard to say, in an under voice, 'I should like to know how a person feels after committing a murder!' In this startling speech we may detect, I think, the germ of his future *Giaours and Laras*. This intense wish to explore the dark workings of the passions was what, with the aid of imagination, at length generated the *power*; and that faculty which entitled him afterwards to be so truly styled 'the searcher of dark bosoms,' may be traced to, perhaps, its earliest stirrings in the sort of feeling that produced these words."

p. 235.

The passages which we now give, are from the latter part of the volume, and exhibit Lord Byron a very different person from the hero of the earlier extracts.

To Mr. Moore.

May 18th, 1814.

"Thanks — and punctuality. What has passed at * * * House? I suppose that I am to know, and 'pars fui' of the conference. I regret that your * * * will detain you late, but I suppose you will be at Lady Jersey's. I am going earlier with Hobhouse. You recollect that to-morrow we sup and see Kean.

"P.S. Two to-morrow is the hour of pugilism."

"The supper, to which he here looks forward, took place at Watier's, of which club he had lately become a member; and, as it may convey some idea of his irregular mode of diet, and thus account, in part, for the frequent derangement of his health, I shall here attempt, from recollection, a description of his supper on this occasion. We were to have been joined by Lord R * * *, who however did not arrive, and the party accordingly consisted but of ourselves. Having taken upon me to order the *repast*, and knowing that Lord Byron, for the last two days, had done nothing towards sustenance, beyond eating a few biscuits and (to appease appetite) chewing mastic, I desired that we should have a good supply of, at least, two kinds of fish. My companion, however, confined himself to lobsters, and of these finished two or three, to his own share,—interposing sometimes, a small liquor-glass of strong white brandy, sometimes

a tumbler of very hot water, and then pure brandy again, to the amount of near half a dozen small glasses of the latter, without which, alternately with the hot water, he appeared to think the lobster could not be digested. After this, we had claret, of which having despatched two bottles between us, at about four o'clock in the morning we parted.

"As Pope thought his 'delicious lobster-nights' worth commemorating, these particulars of one in which Lord Byron was concerned may also have some interest.

"Among other nights of the same description which I had the happiness of passing with him, I remember once, in returning home from some assembly at rather a late hour, we saw lights in the windows of his old haunt Stevens's, in Bond Street, and agreed to stop there and sup. On entering, we found an old friend of his, Sir G. W., who joined our party, and the lobsters and brandy and water being put in requisition, it was (as usual on such occasions) broad daylight before we separated." p. 557-8.

To Mr. Moore.

May 31st, 1814.

"As I shall probably not see you here to-day, I write to request that, if not inconvenient to yourself, you will stay in town till Sunday, if not to gratify me, yet to please a great many others, who will be very sorry to lose you. As for myself, I can only repeat that I wish you would either remain a long time with us, or not come at all; for these *snatches* of society make the subsequent separations bitterer than ever.

"I believe you think that I have not been quite fair with that Alpha and Omega of beauty, &c. with whom you would willingly have united me. But if you consider what her sister said on the subject, you will less wonder that my pride should have taken the alarm; particularly as nothing but the every-day flirtation of every-day people ever occurred between your heroine and myself. Had Lady * * * appeared to wish it—or even not to oppose it—I would have gone on, and very possibly married (that is, if the other had been equally accordant) with the same indifference which has frozen over the 'Black Sea' of almost all my passions. It is that very indifference which makes me so uncertain and apparently capricious. It is not eagerness of new pursuits, but that nothing impresses me sufficiently to fix; neither do I feel disgusted, but simply indifferent to almost all excitements. The proof of this is, that obstacles, the slightest even, stop me. This can hardly be *timidity*, for I have done some impudent things too, in my time; and in almost all cases, opposition is a stimulus. In mine, it is not; if a straw were in my way, I could not stoop to pick it up.

"I have sent this long tirade, because I would not have you suppose that I have been trifling designedly with you or others. If you think so, in the name of St. Hubert (the patron of antlers and hunters) let me be married out of hand—I don't care to whom, so that it amuses any body else, and don't interfere with me much in the daytime." p. 560-1.

With this we close the book until our next publication.

EXPEDITION TO AFRICA.

Records of Captain Clapperton's Last Expedition to Africa. By Richard Lander, his faithful attendant. 2 vols. post 8^{vo}. London, Colburn and Bentley.

We are glad to have the faithful attendant of Captain Clapperton again before us, and to find that he has employed the repose and leisure enjoyed by him since his return to his native country, in the composition of a more complete narrative of his interesting travels, than was furnished by the publication of his *Journal*. In the present work he has called in his memory to

the aid of his notes, and has drawn from it "the relation of a thousand little incidents" omitted in his former account. To his memory, in fact, the African traveller is much more under the necessity of trusting, than the tourist in more civilized countries, since the superstitious dread with which the simple inhabitants of barbarous regions view the use of writing materials, the apprehension they feel, on seeing them employed, that some charm is working against themselves, renders the keeping an exact journal impossible.

Besides the additional particulars concerning the expedition to the interior of Africa, Mr. Lander also furnishes his readers with a concise account of himself, and this piece of autobiography is by no means the least interesting portion of the two volumes before us. It will obtain probably, as it deserves to do, the more attention from the fact of its affording a very striking instance of the powerful influence exercised over the destiny of a man by one strong natural propensity. Richard Lander, he informs us himself, felt rambling inclinations very early in life; and it is from this natural impulse, it should seem, and not from any other necessity of circumstances, that, before he has attained his twenty-seventh year, he has spent three years in the West Indies, has travelled in various countries of the continents of Europe, has explored the important British Colony at the southern point of Africa, from one extremity to the other, and joined in the expedition to the Court of the Sultan Bello. These several journeyings, it seems—excepting the first to the West Indies, with which, since it was made when he was a child, his will may be supposed to have had less to do—were the result of pure choice on the part of the traveller. Nor are his peregrinations yet completed: they probably will only terminate with his life, for he has closed, it seems, with a proposal made him by the government, for his proceeding to Fundah, and tracing the Niger thence to the Bight of Benin. What we are curious to know, would phenologists say of the indications of the cranium of such a man? That he is eminently qualified for the undertaking for which he has been selected, no one can doubt who reads the book which affords occasion for these remarks, and who traces in its pages the laudable spirit which it breathes towards the inhabitants of these hitherto unknown regions visited by him. The sentiments in which he enters on his new expedition, are evidence, no less satisfactory, of his aptness for such enterprises; to which moreover, under Providence, they seem to promise a happy issue. He is to be accompanied by a younger brother, John Lander, whose assistance, we are told, has been of great avail in getting up the published narratives, and of whom the manner in which that task has been performed, augurs very favourably. The principles laid down by our travellers as those which they propose for their guidance, are so worthy the attention of all who set foot in a foreign country, that we must indulge ourselves with extracting a portion of the passage in which we find them declared:—"We shall endeavour to conform ourselves," says our author, "as nearly as possible to the manners and habits of the natives; we will not mock their blind superstition, but respect it; we will not scoff at their institutions, but bow to them; we will not condemn their prejudices, but pity them. In fine, we shall do all in our power to ward off suspicion as to the integrity of our motives, and the innocence of our intentions; and this cannot be done more effectually than by mingling with the people in their general amusements and diversions. Confidence in ourselves and in them, will be our best panoply; and an English Testament our best Fetish." Acting on principles such as these, and aided by the experience already acquired by the elder adventurer, health alone remains to be

required to ensure a happy result to a second visit to a race of beings, who, as may be gathered from the reports of former expeditions, are, on the whole, sufficiently well disposed to treat white men with consideration and favour.

The narrative already published of the expedition of Captain Clapperton, dispenses with our tracing the route of the travellers, and with all enumeration of the principal events which occurred to them. We shall content ourselves, therefore, with extracting a few passages, which, while they afford specimens of our author's manner of treating his subject, are illustrative of the state of society among the sable beings who form the subject of his observations.

The following sketch of the military parade among the Arabs affords a fair sample of our traveller's graphic powers. The travellers have just reached a walled town called Tachow.

"On the evening of our arrival, the expected escort from the Sultan of Yariba entered the town. It consisted of two hundred horsemen, and double that number on foot, commanded by a war-chief, and armed with spears, and bows and arrows; all most grotesquely attired, some flouncing in handsome robes, and some fluttering in rags. From the moment of their arrival to the period of our departure, we had not a moment's quiet. They paraded the town all night, vociferously bellowing the happiness they felt, or pretended to feel, on meeting with the white men—serenaded us with a concert of drums, flutes, and trumpets, with powerful vocal accompaniments, and kept shouting and hallooing till we arose in the morning.

"All was hurry and confusion as we prepared to depart; and our escort soon getting themselves in readiness, we bade adieu to the chief of Tachow, and started from the town about six o'clock, accompanied by a great number of merchants and others, who cheerfully embraced the opportunity of putting themselves under our protection. Nothing could be more animated than the appearance of our boisterous conductors, winding their way up a narrow and crooked path; the horsemen with their long spears, clearing the road, and hurrying onwards as fast as their jaded and diminutive beasts could walk with them; and the bowmen on foot, with their instruments slung across their shoulders, and quiver full of arrows, appended to their sides, plodding after them with all imaginable haste. But by far the most amusing, if not the most important part of that strange and singular cavalcade, were the musicians themselves, who found it no easy matter to keep pace with their more lively countrymen, and perform on their instruments at the same time. The drummers, flourishing their sticks with a scornful, consequential air; the trumpeters with their black bloated cheeks shining with fat; and the fluters turning up the whites of their eyes towards heaven, and producing altogether the most discordant, most terrific sounds that can be conceived, were highly ludicrous; nor could we, in spite of ourselves, maintain a becoming gravity, or help being infinitely diverted every time that we ventured to look back, and steal a glance at our never-enough-to-be-admired lovers of harmony!" i. 103-5.

Several pages of the first volume of the *Records* are occupied with a most amusing account of the adventures of a rich widow of the city of Wow Wow, named Zuma (honey, in English) a lady extremely ambitious of a white lover, who became enamoured first of the white servant, and, on his rejecting her, made overtures to the gallant master. We regret that our space obliges us to content ourselves with the following description of her views, person, and pomp.

"A white husband and happiness were synonymous terms with the gentle and delicate Zuma, and she grasped at even the shadow of it with an eagerness and determination that caused her to overstep the boundaries of that amiable mo-

desty which is so pleasing and peculiar a characteristic of her sex, whereby she did more towards injuring her own cause than coyness or reserve would have done. The Captain carried on the innocent game for some time, for we were greatly in want of something to enliven us; and so romantic an adventure as this, in such a place, and under such circumstances, caused us very many hours of diversion, and was an amusing subject of conversation even up to the period of my master's last illness at Soccatoo.

"Poor widow Zuma! I almost fancy I see her now, waddling into our house, a moving world of flesh, 'puffing and blowing like a blacksmith's bellows,' and the very pink and essence of African fashion. Her hair used to be carefully dyed with indigo, and of a rich and vivid blue; her feet and hands stained with hennah and an extraction of the goora-nut, produced alternate streaks of red and yellow; and her teeth were also tinged with a delicate crimson stain. In the adornment of her person, likewise, the buxom widow evinced considerable taste. Her bared neck and bosom were ornamented with coral and gold beads, which, contrasted with the dingy colour of her skin, occasioned a truly captivating effect! while a dress of striped silk, hanging in graceful folds from the waist to the ankles, set off her *faïry form* to the best possible advantage! Thus beautified, the accomplished Zuma used to sit cross-legged on our mat, and chewing the goora-nut, or a little tobacco-snuff, she was without exception the most ravishing object that came across our path in all our wanderings!

"One day she invited my master to visit her at her own house, where she took the opportunity of displaying to him her wealth and grandeur, the number of her slaves, and her princely domestic establishment, all of which the tempter assured him he should share with her if he would consent to be her husband. No encouragement whatever was given to the lady; but when Capt. Clapperton left the town for Boussa a short time afterwards, Madam Zuma, dressed in her gaudiest attire, followed when he had got about six miles on his journey, having called before she set out to see me. On this occasion she wore a mantle of silk and gold, and loose trowsers of scarlet silk, with red morocco boots; her blue head was enveloped in the ample folds of a white turban, and she rode astride on the back of a noble horse, which came prancing before the door of our hut, decorated with a number of brass plates and bells, as well as a profusion of charms or amulets enclosed in green, red, and yellow leather. Her saddle-cloth was of scarlet, and the appearance of both widow and horse was singularly imposing. In her train were many spearmen on horseback, and bowmen on foot, with a band of musicians furnished with drums, fiddles, guitars, and flutes, who continued playing till their mistress was fairly out of the town. The widow briefly told me of her intention to accompany Capt. Clapperton to Kano, &c. &c. which eclatissement startled me for an instant; but, putting on my most serious look, I wished her a pleasant journey, and hoped I should overtake her myself in a day or two. Zuma then took her leave, and the whole cavalcade was quickly out of sight." i. 158—161.

The subjoined is a curious account of a cavalcade of Tuarick merchants:—

"On the 13th, five hundred camels, laden with salt, obtained from the borders of the Desert, entered Sansanee, preceded by their owners, a party of twenty Tuarick merchants, whose appearance was singularly novel and imposing. The men were all attired in the same fashion, and mounted on handsome pied camels, which trotted into the town with uncommon speed. Their dress consisted of black cotton tobies, and full trowsers of the same colour; white caps encircled with black turbans, which concealed every part of the face but the nose and eyes; and red

morocco boots. In the right hand they held a long and highly-polished spear, whilst the left was occupied in grasping their shields (the only defensive armour with which the Tuaricks are acquainted), and retaining the reins of the camels. The shields were covered with white leather, and ornamented with a small plate of silver in the centre. As they passed me they shook their lances, which glittered in the sun-beams, and their appearance was certainly warlike and formidable in the extreme. Stopping suddenly in front of the chief's house, they all exclaimed, as if with one voice, 'Tchow!' at the sound whereof the camels fell simultaneously on their knees, and the riders dismounted to pay their respects." i. 247-8.

The following description of an African town and African scenery, will surprise many of our readers, and interest all:—

"We struck our tent on the morning of the 20th, and crossing a large river flowing to the southward at one o'clock, entered the spacious and handsome town of Eggebee an hour afterwards. Eggebee is governed by one of the king of Zeg Zeg's principal fighting men; and for its excessive cleanliness, the tidiness of its inhabitants, their prosperity and apparent happiness, yields only to Wow Wow; and strongly reminded me of my own far distant country. It is situated on a fine, highly-cultivated plain; and nothing can be more agreeable than the prospect of the country for miles round. I have seen many charming landscapes in Africa—many which come nearer to my ideas of the garden of Eden than any others I have beheld—but none so pleasingly, softly beautiful, as that near Eggebee. The earth, clad in simple and lovely magnificence, was embellished with superb trees filled with singing birds—plots of Indian corn waved in the wind—a luxuriant vegetation sprung up at every step—every living thing revelled in enjoyment—happiness, peace, and plenty dwelt on the enchanted spot. It was evening when I took a stroll a little way into the country—a calm, cloudless, lovely evening. The earth had just before been refreshed by a shower, and the sun was setting in all his glory; the neatly-attired maidens of Eggebee, returning to the town with calabashes of milk, sang as they went along; birds of golden plumage fluttered on the branches of the noble trees; insects of dazzling brightness buzzed in the air; the stridulous note of the grasshopper was heard from the ground; smoke ascending in circling volumes to the skies from the dwellings of the people; and the music of guitars and dulcimers swelled from the town—all was soothing, serene, heavenly. I was a sojourner in a strange land; I thought on my country, my kindred, my home, till melancholy reflections rushed upon my mind, and I longed to lay down my burden of care and suffering, disappointment, vexation, and sorrow. 'I am unhappy,' I said to myself, 'in all this loveliness; I have no portion in the pleasure that surrounds me. Why am I an Englishman? why am I not rather an African? I should then be simple as he, thoughtless as he, happy as he.'

"The delightful town of Eggebee contains a population of not less than fourteen thousand souls; and its wall, forming a perfect square, measures a mile each side. The inhabitants being supplied with a fine reddish sand, (found in abundance along the beach of a noble river, flowing about a couple of miles from the town,) and a kind of whitening, use these ingredients for the purpose of cleansing their calabashes, and other domestic articles: and really it gives one a sensible pleasure to observe the taste and regularity with which these are arranged in the interior of their dwellings, and the extreme whiteness of the whole. The calabashes have figures of horses, sheep, cows, &c. carved on them by persons whose time is entirely devoted

to this single object, and who receive for the work on each the sum of five cowries (less than a farthing sterling). Instead of sleeping on the bare ground, as is the case in every other town in the interior, excepting Cuttup, the inhabitants of Eggebee raise a kind of platform at a height of three or four feet from the floor, supported on clay pillars, on which they repose themselves during the heat of the day, and at night. In the vicinity of the town grew a great variety of beautiful flowers, which, opening in all their richness to the rays of the sun, had a truly enchanting appearance. Many of them were of the same species as those which thrive so luxuriantly in the interior of South Africa; but the fragrance emitted from the former is neither equally pleasant nor equally powerful." ii. 137—141.

To convey an idea of the peculiarities of African manners, we cannot do better than extract our author's account of his reception by the king of Yariba, on his return to the coast, after the decease of Captain Clapperton.

"Mansolah would not let me visit his palace the morning after our arrival, fearing it might *wet my feet!* but condescended to expose his own royal person to the like inconvenience by coming to see me at my habitation. On this occasion he was attended by five hundred of his wives (out of two thousand!) and made a sudden pause on approaching within a few yards of me. Each of his half-dressed ladies held a light spear in the left hand, with the right leg slightly bent; and, leaning partially on their weapon, the end of which rested on the earth, with unspeakable grace they began their song of welcome, and dirge for my master's death. The music of their voices was wild but sweet, and reverberating from the hills, had a singularly saddening, although by no means a disagreeable effect; and these were the strains they sang:—

SONG OF THE WIVES OF THE KING OF YARIBA.

Welcome, white stranger, to Mansolah's land!
Appear, appear!
Com'st thou with presents or with empty hand,
Thou'rt welcome here.
Forget thy sorrows, feed thy grief no more;
Awake to glie:
And dance delighted, as thou didst before,
Around our tree.
Mansolah greets thee, with two thousand wives;
And small and great
Have urged the gods to save the white men's lives
From Nyffe hate:
From Borghoo charms, and wild *feticherie*—
Falatah's spear;
From the dead venom of the *kouktonie*;
And Arab lair.
Yet one hath fallen where no palm-trees grow,
Nor cocoas dwell:
Where savage bosoms feel not others' woe,
There Bebbot fell.
O Yaribeans! mourn his early death!
(Mansolah weeps.)
For the Falatah draws his infant breath,
Where white man sleeps.
Not one from earth into his grave was hur'd,
Poor lonely thing!
No kind companion in the other world
Will comfort bring.
Curse the Falatahs! curse them, O ye gods!
Their pride lay low!
Rise, Yaribeans! shake your trembling rods!
Bend, bend the bow.
Swift from your arrows as the bounding doe
The Moslems fly.
Crush them, ye mighty chiefs! o'erwhelm the foe!
Or nobly die.
The Christian's blood is on them, and the curse
Of God prevails.
Haste, minstrels, haste! in palaces rehearse
These wondrous tales.
Tell ye the world that white-faced strangers will
A welcome have;
Or, like the Boussans, they will fight until
They find a grave.

† Great or big white man. Captain Clapperton was generally known in Africa as *bebbot*; and I, a *curra-mee* (little).

"Whilst the young women were singing, many of the listening multitude were greatly affected and shed tears, and all faintly joined in the strains at intervals. The gesticulation and actions of the ladies corresponded with their expressions: at one instant the spear was lifted slowly from the ground, and handed lightly; and at another it was flourished over their heads with inconceivable animation and rapidity. At the conclusion of this singular ceremony the assembled thousands quietly dispersed; and the singers returned, in the order they had come, to the palace of their sovereign. Mansolah shortly afterwards came into my dwelling, and, expressing in simple and natural terms his sorrow for my master's death, questioned me pretty closely as to the reasons for our visiting Soccatoo. I returned him the same answer as the king of Khama received from me a short time before, which appeared to satisfy him, and after a conference of two hours he left me. The monarch was richly dressed in a scarlet damask robe, ornamented with coral beads, and short trowsers of the same colour with a light blue stripe, made of the country cloth; his legs, as far as the knees, were stained red with hennah, and on his feet he wore sandals of red leather. A cap of blue damask, thickly studded with handsome coral beads, was on his head; and his neck, arms, and legs, were decorated with large silver rings. Before leaving me, I offered his sable majesty the horse I had purchased in Kano, (a fine animal that had carried me nearly the whole of the way from that city,) and regretted my inability to make him a more valuable present, promising, however, that if he permitted two messengers to accompany me from Katunga, I would, on my arrival at Badagry, send back something more befitting his exalted station. Mansolah accepted the beast with the usual demonstrations of gratitude; and in the evening acknowledged the favour by despatching a slave to our house with a fine fat goat and a quantity of yams.

"The reason why Mansolah had so immense a number of wives, is easily accounted for by the fact that the husband of every female in his dominions, who has a daughter unfortunate enough to be endowed with a greater share of personal beauty than the generality of her sex, is obliged, under the severest penalty, to present her to his sovereign. Before the interview between the parties takes place, it is customary for the father to procure a fatted sheep and a bowl of rice, which are borne by the girl to his majesty's dwelling as a marriage portion; and if it should so happen that the man is too poor to obtain this present, he must on no account fail to send his daughter, although she is taken no notice of till that be received by the monarch. When this is the case, the friends of the young woman subscribe amongst themselves a sum of money sufficient to purchase the sheep and rice, on the receipt of which she is instantly admitted into the royal favour and protection, and the greatest familiarity from that hour prevails between the prince and his newly-married bride.

"After they have passed a *certain* age, the king's wives are set at liberty, and permitted to trade up and down the country in the various articles of native produce and manufacture; the profits of which are uniformly given to the sovereign. The younger ladies employ their time in the adornment of their bodies, and beautifying their teeth and hair, in order to make themselves the more agreeable and fascinating in the eyes of their imperious master,—to whom they sing, in a kind of recitative, several times in the day, and whom they fan to sleep at night." ii. 191—197.

We have given enough, we think, from these volumes, to show that they abound in interesting and amusing matter. The readers of them will join with us, no doubt, in heartily wishing

the authors a successful result to their present expedition, and in desiring that their new travels may furnish them with matter for a future publication as entertaining as that from the perusal of which we have derived so much pleasure.

Forrester. 3 vols. post 8vo. London, 1830. Whitaker, Treacher & Co.

REGARDED as a mere novel, "*Forrester*" may be pronounced to be a clever production. It does not contain, it is true, much writing that can be termed powerful; nor are the characters delineated with force, or portrayed much in detail. The interest excited by the story is nowhere very intense; the incidents display no great invention; the strokes of satire are in no instance exceedingly smart;—yet the interest, at the pitch to which it rises, is well sustained throughout the three volumes: the plot is ably conceived and well conducted; the incidents are various, naturally introduced, and well managed; and many of the situations are ingeniously contrived, and wrought with ability: some of them are not devoid of originality. It is not a book to be dipped into—(a practice deprecated, with some pains, by our author, in an introductory dialogue, from which it will be inferred that he is not a very experienced hand);—the merit of it consists in the *ensemble*, and is not to be judged of by particular passages. We shall follow, nevertheless, the usual practice, and give the author the benefit of an extract, which we choose almost at random; for, as we have said before, the work is of an equal tenor, and has few passages more striking than the rest.

To give a clue to the following scene, it will be sufficient to explain, that Lady de Vere is a match-making aunt, who prides herself on having procured good establishments for several nieces. Mrs. Pringle, one of these nieces, is united to a man who perceives, when too late, the arts by which he was entrapped into marriage; and who, consequently, hates both the gift and her who bestowed it. Ellen Manvers is another niece, for whom a settlement remains to be found, but whose good sense and feeling, while they cause their possessor to recoil from the artifices of her relative, provide for herself much more happily—even in the worldly sense of the term—than the wiles, which have been played off in the cases of her cousins, have done for them. The extract is a fair specimen of the lighter parts of the performance.

"The first impulse of Mrs. Pringle was, to shed a violent flood of tears—not tears of penitence, but of shame and indignation, that her inadvertence should have betrayed her into an avowal, which restored to Lady de Vere a power that she would not be slow to assert. The next was to think of some expedient to lessen the danger of a discovery, and what course so obvious as to destroy the notes of Sir Harry, the only evidence that she could not disprove or deny. Hastily ransacking her escritoire for the fatal billets, she heard her husband's well-known step on the stairs. To seize the papers, gain the adjoining chamber, and lock the door after her, was but the work of a moment. And scarcely had her alacrity secured her from intrusion, when the voice of Pringle was heard in high passion without the door, demanding admittance.

"Open the door, Harriet!—I must speak with you instantly."

"I cannot, Pringle—I am on the bed, dying with a head-ach—it is inhuman to disturb me."

"Your ailment is sudden, madam," returned the angry husband; "not five minutes since I heard you caballing with your deceitful aunt."

"You are as polite as usual in your language," replied the lady.

"And you as insincere," retorted the gentleman; "but a day of reckoning is at hand.—In one word, will you open the door?"

"In one word, then, no!" exclaimed the wife, rising in passion that abated fearfully on hearing her husband utter a sudden imprecation, the cause of which she was at a loss to understand. The moment was critical. Stealing, therefore, to the door, silently and cautiously, she perceived, by the aid of the key-hole, that he was eagerly perusing a billet of Sir Harry's, which, in her fatal haste, she had inadvertently dropped. That which she had hoped to avert was revealed then, by the very means adopted to elude discovery! The agony of the moment was beyond description! What might not be inferred from that important paper? Though still free from the actual commission of guilt, it was a case in which the worst might be believed; and what credence would be given to the protestations of one who had confessedly forgotten her duty by listening to addresses which she was not at liberty to reward? She feared that her husband, in his rage, would at once burst open the door; but, contrary to her expectation, and greatly to her relief, he thrust the paper into his pocket, and stalked hastily down stairs.

"Time, then, was given to deliberate; but what deliberation could now avail her? A whisper underneath her chamber-window alarmed, yet assured her, when she saw it was Sir Harry. In few words she explained to him what had happened: and, wringing her hands in the extremity of her agony, besought him to save her, if that yet might be, from shame and degradation.

"Has he the envelope?" asked the baronet, in some agitation.

"No, no!" she exclaimed, eagerly: "those I have always destroyed."

"There is no name mentioned, I think," continued he, after musing a moment. "Could you not prevail on your cousin to claim the note as her own?—What more natural than that she should consult you on so delicate an affair as my presumed addresses? So far as I recollect my own expressions, they may be easily enough reconciled with this supposition; and were it even otherwise, Pringle, depend on it, would swallow the imposition."

"It is a charming thought," cried the lady, taking courage; "and yet, to confess my imprudence to that hypocritical girl is a humiliation—"

"Think not I would propose it, my angel," returned the wily baronet, "if there was any other way. Pringle is gone to your aunt. I saw him join her, though I knew not his errand; and, as I live, here come Miss Manvers and Mrs. Beamish! The latter I will draw off; and, as Ellen must pass this way, you can easily beckon her to come to you by the back staircase."

"I will do so," cried Mrs. Pringle, hastily; "and now, away, for heaven's sake!"

"The baronet was not slow to obey; and by applying a small portion of that dangerous eloquence which he had always at command, Mrs. Beamish was easily led aside; while Ellen, pursuing her way to the house, as readily complied with the signal of her cousin. In a few moments Mrs. Pringle heard a tap at that door of her room which communicated with the back staircase, and, hastily opening it, beheld, not Miss Manvers, but Lady de Vere.

"All is discovered!" exclaimed the baroness, throwing herself into a chair; "and you are, I fear, disgraced for ever! Pringle seems furious; and having, by your egregious folly, possessed himself of a document, which I am afraid we cannot contradict, has everything on his side. But not to lose even a chance, I have stolen up the back stairs to consult with you, whether any expedient yet remains by which you may escape the consequences of your imprudence,—I hope not guilt, Harriet!"

"No, no!" returned Mrs. Pringle, hiding her face with her hands.

"Ah! what is that?" cried the dowager, in alarm, as another low tap was heard at the door.

"It is my cousin Ellen," said Mrs. Pringle.

"And would you let her in?—would you expose yourself still further to one whose suspicions we must, if possible, remove, not confirm?"

"It is too late, madam," cried Harriet, opening the door; "my fate is in her hands. Yes, Ellen," she continued, as, leading the trembling girl into the chamber, she hastily secured the door after her; "yes, Ellen, I am in your power! That you think me imprudent I know too well;—you have not been deceived, though others were, Ellen:—your eyes have told me as much."

"For Heaven's sake! what mean you, Harriet?" exclaimed the terrified Miss Manvers.

"An accursed accident," returned the lady, passionately, "has betrayed, to the knowledge of Pringle, indiscretions which he will gladly interpret into proofs of guilt!"

"Of guilt! cousin," repeated Ellen, turning pale as death.

"Be not so alarmed, child," replied Mrs. Pringle, with some hauteur; "I am as innocent as yourself."

"Would that you spoke truth!" exclaimed Lady de Vere, with bitterness.

"Do not seek to prejudice my cousin against me, madam," said Mrs. Pringle, with quickness; "from you, by whose fatal counsels I have been betrayed into this unhappy dilemma, I ought rather to look for aid!"

"I have met with much ingratitude," replied the baroness; "but this passes belief!"

"Be it so, madam," said the lady of the house; "recrimination will not avail me, and time is precious! Ellen, it is in your power to shield me from the otherwise fatal consequences of a letter sent to me by Portington, which has, unhappily, fallen into the hands of my prejudiced and implacable husband."

"A letter!" repeated Ellen, faintly.

"A mere billet," answered Mrs. Pringle, "containing only general expressions of attachment, which would apply as easily to you as to me. The recent attentions of Sir Harry will render this explanation plausible; and when the reputation, the future welfare of a wife, and your own near relative, depends on a word, will you, can you, refuse to speak that word?"

"Shall I assert a falsehood, Harriet?" said Ellen, mournfully.

"You refuse to assist me then?" exclaimed Mrs. Pringle, throwing from her, scornfully, the hand she had taken; "this may be virtue, but—Who knocks?—Bates, is it you?"

"My master, madam," cried the *femme-de-chambre*, speaking through the key-hole, "insists on your coming down immediately; and he has also given orders that Lady de Vere and Miss Manvers may be instantly sought."

"Mrs. Pringle sunk back in her chair, wholly overpowered and unable to articulate."

"Tell him, Bates," cried Lady de Vere, starting up, "that we will attend him in a moment. Harriet, this is absolute infatuation. You must exert your energies, or all is lost."

"Exert my energies!" said the lady, rising only to cast herself at the feet of Ellen; "thus then I kneel to this inexorable girl,—kneel only to be denied; it were better to prepare myself for that expulsion which awaits me! Yes, Ellen, your firmness, such I suppose it must be termed, may sustain you when the wretched Harriet is thrust from the house of which she was the mistress, a scorn to her guests,—alas! to her very domestics; while you, madam, throwing herself back in her chair with an hysterical laugh, 'will doubtless make my imprudence a pretence for discarding me also from your favour or protection.'"

"A flood of tears, mingling horribly with loud convulsive laughter, followed this burst of passion."

"Harriet, Harriet! I cannot bear to see you thus," cried Ellen, in great emotion.

"Then save me, save me!" exclaimed the wretched woman, grasping her hands.

"Indeed, Ellen," said Lady de Vere, "the imprudence of your cousin has left no other alternative. It is but countenancing for a brief space a very harmless deceit; one which will extricate Harriet from this frightful situation, and cannot injure your character with any one. We shall quit this house in a day or two, and an excuse may then be found for the withdrawal of Sir Harry's pretensions."

"But should they not be withdrawn?" cried Ellen.

"Oh, cousin!" said Mrs. Pringle, with heightened colour, "you need not alarm yourself on that score."

"If, indeed, it ought to be a subject for alarm," observed Lady de Vere, brightening up.

"I beg, madam," exclaimed Ellen, gravely, "that my compliance, for I feel that I must yield, may not be construed into an intention of admitting the professions of Sir Harry, after this unhappy occasion for dissimulation shall have passed away."

"Of course, of course!" cried both ladies together; resuming, as their fears became less vivid, the authoritative tone which they usually assumed towards Ellen.

"And now," said Lady de Vere, "that our plans are arranged, the sooner we carry them into effect the better."

"So, madam," exclaimed Pringle, addressing his wife, as the ladies entered the drawing-room, "you are come at last!"

"Ay, sir, to please you," replied the lady, with the utmost coolness and indifference; "though, methinks, illness might have been a sufficient excuse for an hour's absence. I am sure it would to my kind guests, bowing to Lord Borrodale and the Beamishes, who seemed brimful of curiosity."

"Would it excuse this?" asked Pringle, trembling with rage, as he extended Sir Harry's note towards her—"know you this handwriting, madam?"

"I think," said Lord Borrodale, "we had better retire."

"By no means, my lord," cried Mrs. Pringle; "I have no concealments from my friends. Your question, Pringle, has escaped me."

"The handwriting, madam—the hand——"

"It is Sir Harry Portington's," replied the lady, calmly.

"How! madam," said the infuriated husband, "dare you then confess to my face——"

"Confess! Pringle," exclaimed the lady, laughing; "upon my honour——"

"Honour!" repeated the gentleman, sneering.

"Upon my honour, this is inexplicable! I, who ought to be the accuser, am, it seems, the accused."

"The accuser!" cried Pringle, staring with bewilderment.

"Why, ay," replied the lady; "surely it is not the act of a gentleman to open, and I suppose read, a note addressed to another person?"

"And did you imagine," returned he, with affected calmness, "that I was really so complaisant a husband as to consider my wife's love-letters sacred from my inspection?"

"Mine, Pringle?" cried the lady, screaming, with counterfeited surprise; are you mad? If you indeed supposed that intended for me——"

"Supposed! madam, repeated Pringle;—'what else could I, or can I suppose?'"

"You are, notwithstanding, quite mistaken," answered the lady, looking at Ellen, who had sunk down on a chair from mere inability to stand.

"It is not your assertion, madam, that will convince me of my mistake," cried Pringle, sarcastically.

"I am sorry for it," returned his helpmate, "since, without a breach of confidence, looking more earnestly at Ellen, 'I cannot undeceive you. Have a little delicacy, Pringle, for Heaven's sake!'"

"Delicacy! madam, when my honour is impeached!"

"Nay, then," said Lady de Vere, interposing; it is no time to be scrupulous. Your reputation, Harriet, must not be frittered away to spare the blushes of Ellen. The note, Mr. Pringle, belongs to Miss Manvers."

"To Ellen!" exclaimed Pringle, in great embarrassment.

"Can you doubt it?" said his lady, pointing to her agitated cousin; "or will your absurd suspicion so far outweigh what is due to maiden delicacy, as to wring from my dear Ellen a confession——"

"No, no," interrupted Pringle; "if Ellen denies it not, I am willing to believe myself mistaken,—her silence has more influence than the speeches of others," looking bitterly at his wife and Lady de Vere, who returned the look with no diminution of bitterness. "Is it then so, sweet cousin?" he continued, taking the passive hand of Ellen, who, covering her face, could not restrain the tears that trickled through her fingers. "Nay, then, I see I have gone too far, and I beg your pardon. Sir Harry, you are a happy fellow. Yes, Portington," he exclaimed, as the baronet at that moment entered the room, "I congratulate you with all my heart on the felicity that awaits you. If you have received my note, you will wonder at this change in my sentiments,—but the wisest are mistaken at times."

"And why not the silliest?" rejoined Mrs. Pringle, laughing violently.

"Pringle, you have my full and free forgiveness of your undeserved suspicions of my friendship," returned the baronet, gravely; "and I trust that this lady, also, taking the hand of Mrs. Pringle, 'will forget the injurious aspersions of a fame that can but shine forth the brighter from a momentary cloud! Dare I hope that the unfortunate billet which has caused this misunderstanding may receive a favourable interpretation from the interposition of your kind offices?"

"I cannot answer for my cousin," said the lady, "but you have my best wishes; and since the unwarrantable jealousy of Mr. Pringle has exposed to our good friends that which the delicacy of Miss Manvers had bound us to conceal, I hope we may at least claim a promise that it shall go no further!"

"The company, of course, promised inviolable secrecy, with such mental reservations as are usual on similar occasions."

"I leave Pringle to make his apologies to his guests, continued the lady, 'for this foolish *brulée*—the result of a causeless jealousy, which I consider it a degradation to resent!'"

"Pringle readily made his peace with his friends, who had, in fact, been more amused than annoyed; but offered no apology to his wife, on whom he cast a ghastly smile, that betokened anything rather than reviving cordiality or regard." ii. 131—145.

EXTRAORDINARY SOMNAMBULIST.

Die Scherin von Prevorst: i. e. The Prophetess of Prevorst: a Revelation of the Inner Life of Man, and of the Communication of a World of Spirits with our own. Communicated by Justinus Kerner, M.D. 2 vols. 8vo. Stuttgart and Tübingen. 1829.

In the notices accompanying a recently-published selection from the German poets, we read—"J. Kerner, a Swabian physician, at Weinsberg, has approved himself a lyric poet, in the true sense of the word. A feeling of the gentlest and most amiable kind predominates in all his poems, while he skims but lightly over the ex-

ternal objects of his muse, whether in joy or sorrow." We understand, moreover, that Dr. Kerner is a distinguished physician, and a man of honour. We cannot believe, of a man of such a character, that he would wilfully lend himself to a species of mystification which, among a people so susceptible of supernatural impulses as the Germans, might be of serious consequences. The truth of the facts stated in these volumes is, moreover, attested by Professor Eschenmayer, a respectable member of the mystic school, who has enlarged them with some curious essays on the theory of ghosts, &c. We must therefore come to the painful conclusion, humiliating to the human intellect—that neither the talent nor the sense which these two individuals seem to have evinced on other occasions, and which has procured them the respect of their countrymen, have been sufficient to secure them against that delusion, with which the strongest intelligences may be clouded, if they allow themselves to be swayed by their imagination.

A young woman of very delicate nerves was taken ill. The illness, it seems, was of a very peculiar kind—"a fixation between life and death," as Dr. K., who was for several years her physician, quaintly expresses it;—in fact, a continued somnambulism. During this disease, of which the unfortunate creature was ultimately released by death, she performed such miracles as caused her to be considered a prophetess, not only by the gossips of the little town in which she resided, but even by such men as the authors of the work before us, and the physician, who, by his daily intercourse with her, ought to have been the first to detect and expose the self-delusion of his patient. The lady not only saw and communicated what was transacting at a great distance in space, but also events which were still more distant in time; she saw ghosts and conversed with them, and caused them to be seen and heard by others; although it is confessed that all those who surrounded the lady were not equally fortunate. For some, it seems, only *saw* the disembodied visitors; while others only *heard* them; and others remained absolutely unconscious of their presence. But this is not all—the lady actually converted ghosts!

However, all this—great as the mischief may be, which it is likely to operate upon weak minds—is only the nonsense of the work. Its most important parts are the physiological observations and experiments, which Dr. K. has been able to make upon this extraordinary subject—for he treated her magnetically; and the effects stated, as having been produced by various substances upon nerves so delicately strung, are to us more wonderful than the lady's visions; and in this point of view the work, perhaps, deserves the attention of the faculty.

THE ELEPHANT.

Popular Lectures on the Study of Natural History and the Sciences. By W. Lempriere, M.D. 8vo. 2d edit. London, 1830. Whittaker.

THE efforts of Dr. Lempriere to enlighten his neighbours on the subjects of natural history and the sciences, both as a lecturer and an author, deserve every commendation and encouragement. The work before us has not certainly, nor does it claim to have, any very high pretensions; but, viewed either as discourses delivered before a promiscuous society of country gentry, or as a book for their fireside perusal, it will appear well calculated to answer the laudable purposes of drawing attention to the interesting subjects treated of by the author. It consists of eight Lectures on the following subjects:—I. On the Study of Natural History and the Sciences. II. On Vegetable Physiology. III. On Zoology. IV. and V. On Animal and Vegetable Poisons.

VI. On the Human Faculties, mental and corporeal. VII. and VIII. On Mammiferous Animals. The six first lectures were published in 1827; but, the number of readers not being sufficient to exhaust the whole impression, the author has added two discourses, viz. VII. and VIII., and a fresh title-page, and now publishes the whole in the form of a new edition.

By extracting the following account of the elephant and his proboscis, we expect, at least, to draw on the learned author the attention and thanks of the frequenters of the little theatre in the Strand, and of the unlearned admirers, more especially, of the huge and popular performer on those boards.

"But the most interesting and most important part of this animal, is his proboscis or trunk, which, while its extremity serves the prehensile purposes of the human hand, and the tube generally to raise or to strike bodies at the pleasure of the animal, is the instrument through which respiration is performed, and food and water conveyed into the mouth; and the channel of communication with the nasal apparatus by which smelling is effected (a sense in this animal of very peculiar acuteness and discrimination) but is not in itself the organ of smell.

"This very extraordinary apparatus, which is convex on its upper surface, and flat below, is about three feet in length, when contracted, and exceeds nine feet in its fullest extension.—It is composed of a series of flexible cartilaginous rings, to which are attached innumerable transverse and longitudinal muscles most curiously interlaced with each other, through whose agency, at the will of the animal, an almost endless variety of actions can be produced; the whole forming as it were an irregular cone, commencing with a broad base and terminating in a tapering extremity.

"It takes its rise from the nasal and upper maxillary bones, and making a turn inward, it descends into the palate, where it forms separate orifices; being the commencement of distinct cavities, which are divided quite up to the extremity, by a longitudinal partition; thus forming a completely double tube.

"Near the internal nasal openings, there is a moveable, cartilaginous plate, which enables the animal to shut the communication with those cavities at pleasure, and thus prevents the water with which it occasionally fills the trunk, from entering into the nasal passages; while from having the power of moving the proboscis in all directions without closing at the same time both the internal cavities, respiration is not interrupted, and water, when received into the tubes, can be allowed to remain until the animal chooses to throw it out by expiration, and thus either to convey it into the mouth when it wishes to drink, over the whole head and body for the purpose of ablution, or to force it in every direction to a considerable distance from him, when he has no longer occasion for its use, or to punish those with whom he may accidentally be displeased.

"At the further extremity of the proboscis, there is a concave protuberance, the superior part of which is extended several inches beyond the inferior, together forming with the rough edges of this bulb, a prehensile organ, that, like the human fingers and hand, is capable of grasping any substance which the elephant may wish to take up.

"This part of the proboscis is therefore used to absorb and pour into his throat water, when he wishes to drink, to break off and convey to his mouth the larger branches of trees, which are his natural food, or the leaves and stems of the plantain; and when domesticated, to take up and convey in the same manner, grains of corn, blades of grass, hay, and other vegetables, with which, when tamed, he is usually fed; or he can be taught to pick up with it small pieces of

straw, or pins, to untie knots, and to unbar and to open gates; and with his proboscis generally, to raise up and assist in loading himself with very heavy articles, or to remove them back again to the ground, or to carry upon it (for the convenience of his employers) small packages; and with the same instrument he can inflict deadly blows upon his enemies, when placed on the defensive.

"Thus, by a wise dispensation of Providence, a most curious piece of mechanism has been given, which, while all the necessities of the animal have been most amply provided for in a manner that, considering his great bulk and general make, could not have been effected by any other part of his conformation, contributes, by the intelligent use which he makes of it, to a variety of human accommodations; and this, together with the great strength of his body, and his capability of performing long journeys under very heavy loads, has rendered the elephant the most valuable of animals in the countries in which he is to be found.

"The female elephant is supposed to carry her young about twenty months, rarely producing more than one at a time. These use their mouths for sucking, throwing their proboscis over their heads while under that operation, so that it is not until after lactation has ceased, that this instrument is called into comprehensive action.—At the time of birth, the elephant is about the size of a full grown calf; and as he is supposed to continue growing for upwards of twenty years, we may easily comprehend the great magnitude to which he can reach.—He is known to be a long-lived animal and frequently to have exceeded the hundredth year of his age; but it is conjectured, in his natural state, he lives to a much greater period.

"In former times he was used by the natives for the purposes of war, and was armed accordingly; and the Carthaginians availed themselves of this animal to assist in their various operations against their Roman enemies.

"In the military operations of the present day, he is only employed as a beast of burden to convey the artillery, ammunition, and camp equipage, with the usual appendages of an army, and in this particular he proves of the most important utility. But it is in a commercial point of view, that the labours of the elephant are the most comprehensively employed; since it is upon his back that the tuns, sacks, and bales, in short all the articles of merchandize, are transported from one part of India to another; that whole families are conveyed upon one single animal upon the same route; and that, whether in drawing or carrying the most weighty articles, he can travel at the rate of fifty miles a day, over tracks of country, in which all other beasts of burden would sink under the exertion.†

"Thus, from his strength alone, it is calculated that he can carry and draw more than six horses, and every part of him from the extremity of his back to his trunk, is in some way or other called into active utility." 339—344.

Historical Miscellany. By W. C. Taylor, A.M. Whittaker, Treacher & Co.

A VERY clever manual. The subjects are well chosen, and agreeably treated. A peculiar feature in the work, and which we conceive admirably adapted to exercise at once the understanding and memory of the youthful reader, is the division of each portion of the history into sections, and appending to every section questions upon the subjects treated of: each question and section being marked by a corresponding number in figures, as a reference from one to the other. The style of the book is sententious, but, at the same time, easy and spirited. Mr.

† The Arabian Camel is also used as a beast of burden in India, but only for subordinate purposes, and where less expedition is required.

Taylor has produced a very pleasing volume for much of the rising generation as are, still in statu pupillari.

A Catechism of Geography. By Hugh Murry, Esq., F.R.S.E. 2d Edition.

A Catechism of the Works of Creation. By Peter Smith, Esq., A.M. 2d Edition. Edinburgh; Oliver and Boyd.

Two excellent little books for children. We venture to predict that they must soon find their way, generally, into nurseries and our national schools, where they may be made the vehicles of much useful instruction both to the children of the rich and poor.

A System of Geography for the use of Schools and Private Students. By Thomas Ewing. 12mo. 12th Edit. Edinburgh; Oliver and Boyd.

This work bears its merit on its title-page: we need say no more of it than that it has passed through eleven editions. It is a remarkably cheap book, containing 309 pages, with nine maps, and is neatly bound.

The Etymological Spelling-Book. By Henry Butler. London; Simpkin and Marshall.

This book contains a great deal of philological information, conveyed in a very simple form. The classification of words, according to their corresponding accents, is an extremely happy arrangement. Words of Latin or Greek origin are so judiciously disposed, that the student may see at one view all the English words derived from the same Latin or Greek root. This is a remarkably clever little compilation, and will be found extremely useful to all persons charged with the instruction of youth.

ANECDOTES OF BONAPARTE.

[From the *Mémoires* of M. de Bourrienne, Vol. V.]

THE FIRST CONSUL IN AWE OF PUBLIC OPINION IN ENGLAND—CURIOUS MODE OF CONVERSING FOREIGN NEWSPAPERS.

THE unmeasured abuse of Bonaparte, indulged in by the English newspapers, contributed greatly to augment the hatred he naturally felt for the liberty of the press; and he could not conceive how the subjects of a power at peace with him could be permitted to write so violently against him.

I once had a singular proof of the importance attached by Napoleon to the opinion of the English on the actions imputed to him; and what I am about to relate will afford additional evidence of his readiness to employ circuitous and petty means to attain any end he had in view. He gave a ball at Malmaison when Hortense was in the seventh month of her pregnancy;—he, who, it is well known, had an aversion to the sight of women in the family-way, and especially disliked to see them dance, begged Hortense to dance, were it but a single quadrille. At first, she declined; but he insisted with so much earnestness, flattered and coaxed so importunately, saying to her, "I pray you, now,—I have the greatest desire to see you dance;—come, now, to please me,"—that, at last, Hortense complied. What was his object? We shall see.

The very day after the ball, there appeared in one of the daily journals, a copy of verses, in a strain of gallantry, on the quadrille in which Hortense had danced, notwithstanding her pregnancy. This annoyed Hortense much; she complained to Bonaparte about it, and could not conceive, notwithstanding the dexterity of our wits, how verses, composed on a circumstance which only occurred the night preceding, could have been published so soon. Bonaparte answered vaguely, and smiled. As for me, he could not tell me anything new about an affair which I was as well acquainted with as himself. When

Hortense knew that I was alone in the cabinet, she came, and questioned me on the subject: I did not perceive that any harm could arise from letting her into the secret: I informed her, therefore, as was the fact, that the verses she complained of had been written by order of Bonaparte before the ball, by a poet whose name I do not now remember; I told her, that the ball had been given for the sake of the verses; and that the reason of Napoleon's urging her to dance was, that these facts might give authority for the copy of verses, which had been written with the view to contradict an English paper, which had announced her confinement. Bonaparte, indeed, had felt highly indignant at the premature announcement; for he had perceived that the object of it had been to give countenance to the infamous rumours so diligently and calumniously circulated of an intrigue between him and Hortense.

OBJECT OF THE ARMY OF ENGLAND—BONAPARTE'S ACCOUNT CONTRADICTED BY M. DE BOURRIENNE.

Seven months after the rupture of the peace of Amiens, and in about a year after I had quitted the service of the First Consul, I received a summons to appear at the Tuileries. The cruel proceedings, of which I had formerly been the victim, were still fresh in my memory, and I was not without fears as to the purpose for which I was summoned. I had good cause, after all that I had suffered from the calumnies of my enemies, to dread the effect of some new invention of slander, especially as their hatred had been quickened by a recent intimation from Bonaparte of his desire to have me again in his service. He knew, moreover, that I was in possession of papers, and acquainted with facts, which would throw light on his history, and enable me to write in such a way as to destroy the illusions with which his flatterers have never ceased to mystify the public, not even since he has been no more. It is true, as I have said before, that, at that period, I had no intention of the kind; but I knew that my enemies, in order to irritate him against me, were very capable of persuading him that I was engaged in such an occupation. However that might be, the truth is, that, before leaving home, I took the precaution of providing myself with a night-cap, thinking it very probable that it might come into his head to send me to Vincennes to sleep. My fears, however, proved vain. Rapp was on duty, the day I allude to, and from him I did not conceal the apprehensions I entertained as to the possible result of my interview. "You may be easy," he said; "the First Consul only wants to have a little talk with you." He then announced me. Bonaparte came out to the grand saloon, where I was awaiting my audience, and addressed me in the kindest manner. After his usual pleasantries, he asked me, "What say the gossips of my preparations for invasion?"—"There is a great diversity of opinion, General. Everybody has a notion of his own on the subject. Suchet, for instance, who is frequent in his visits to me, seems to have no doubt that it will be attempted, and he hopes, in that case, to give you fresh proof of his gratitude and devotion."—"But Suchet says, that you do not believe it."—"He says true; I do not believe it at all."—"And why not?"—"Because you told me, five years ago, at Antwerp, that you would not stake France on a single throw; that so doing would be risking too much; and circumstances, as far as I can see, and as they affect this question, have undergone no change since that period."—"Well, you are right;—those who believe in an invasion are simpletons: they do not see things in their true light. I might, no doubt, succeed in landing a hundred thousand men—the English would give me battle;—say I conquer;—I must reckon on thirty thousand men killed, wounded, or prisoners. If I march on London, I shall have to fight a second battle;—sup-

pose I am again victorious,—what am I to do in London, with an army diminished three-fourths, without the hope of reinforcement? It would be madness. Until our navy has acquired a decided superiority, such a project is not to be thought of. The great assemblage of troops in the north has another object. My government must be the first of all, or it must succumb."

It is evident, therefore, that Bonaparte's object was to veil to the world his real designs, and he succeeded. He wished the project of a descent on England to be credited, that it might fix the attention of Europe to that quarter; and this is not one of the least remarkable hits he played in his grand political game.

"In his conversations with M. Las Cases at St. Helena," observes M. de Bourrienne, in a note, "Bonaparte has said the very contrary of what I have here related. He talked, it would seem, of a pitched battle, which was to have decided the fate of England: 'I should have entered London, not as a conqueror, but as a liberator.' * * * It was certainly to amuse himself at the expense of his hearers, that Bonaparte said at St. Helena, that, in four days, he would have been in London; and that nature had intended England, as she had L'Orient or Corsica, to be an island of France. In my notes, I find the following passage:—'Remained with Napoleon from half-past eleven until one o'clock.' In that hour and a half, he said not a word to me in the least corresponding with his assertions at St. Helena."

TO LEITCH RITCHIE,†

ON HIS PROJECTED TOUR THROUGH GERMANY.

WHAT! wouldst thou wander to increase thy store

Of horrid "Tales" and culprit-like "Confessions"?

Who dost thou think will o'er thy pages pore,
And seek amusement in thy dark impressions?
Who be so mad as take delight to read
Each strange vagary that may fill thy head?

Hast thou not found within thy native land
Enough of perils dire, and hair-breadth 'scapes,
Making our every hair on end to stand,
And filling children's fancies with strange shapes
Of wraith, and ghaist, and hands w' murther red,

Till they have quailed to go alone to bed?

And wouldst thou now track the majestic Rhine,
With moss-clad tow'rs and beetling crags o'er-hung;

To German horrors wider scope assign,
Taxing each old wife's speech, each peasant's tongue,

As from old Köln! to far-famed Mentz you trudge it,
Leaving no stone unturned to fill thy budget?

Thine shall it be each legend wild to seek,
That to the mountain scene its charm imparts,—
Telling of him whose oft-recurring freak
Fills with such interest the gloomy Hartz.
Beware—imagination too much warmed
May make thee fancy e'en thyself transformed.

Dost thy ambition court the fair Jung-Frau,
Rearing on high her cloud-enveloped head?
Dost thou aspire upon her virgin snow,
To leave the impress of thy wandering tread?
Have we not snow-clad hills enough at home,
That thus for foreign snows thou needs must roam?

Quitting the "land of cakes" and English beef,
For German gingerbread and kirschenwasser;
For goblins, sprites, and figures past belief,

† Author of "Tales and Confessions"; one of the most extraordinary collections of fiction that has ever issued from the press. ‡ Cologne.

Worse than those Chinese squabs on cup and saucer—

Do Faust and Mephistopheles entice thee—
Will nothing but monstrosities suffice thee?

Shouldst thou return, let not thy tongue or pen
Disclose one syllable of such wild fable,
Or thou wilt force all plain and sober men
To leave thee solus at the festive table.
Beware then, nor with weaker minds thus trifle,
Thou man of horrors, *Mein herr von der Teufel*.
L.

THE CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN MAN.

FRAGMENT OF A ROMANCE.

EDMUNDS rushed frantically out of the house, but the thrilling shriek of the sufferer's agony, as if in pursuit of the wretched man, reached his ears when many yards distant from the place. In vain did he rush on. The fearful sound seemed kept together in its full and terrible distinctness by the wind, and he a hundred times imagined that the scene he was endeavouring to escape from, met him at every corner of the road. When his imagination rested for a moment, he was assailed with thoughts more terrifying than the visions of his heated fancy. Conscience—cold, clear, penetrating conscience—made the darkest places of his dark heart visible: the whole long train of past villainies, with all their evil origin and awful consequences, were before his eye; he could not, by all the agony with which his spirit struggled, rend one item from the damning list; and he felt his own tongue, spite of himself, framing into syllables the harrowing judgment of futurity.

The night was wild and gloomy. The moon was up, but a dense mass of vapoury clouds had been gradually obscuring her rays, and her presence was now only recognized by the faint dim line of light which marked her solitary journey. Even this at length disappeared, and, as the clouds were packed closer and closer together by the rising wind, every object in the landscape became lost in one continuous and unvaried gloom. Edmunds had now proceeded—hurrying almost unconsciously along—more than three miles. The darkness of the night, the perfect loneliness of the path, and the utter stillness of the surrounding country, favoured the horror of his mind; and the frightful idea rushed upon him, that his reason was staggering under the oppressive load of conscience. There was a sickness at his heart, he had never before felt, as this thought came across him; and he shortened his steps, as if determined to make a sterner resistance to the wracking terrors of his memory.

The place where the agitated man was thus lingering, was at the turning of the rude country road he was traversing, and led to a small spot of rising ground, thickly covered with copse-wood and a few tall straggling fir-trees. Edmunds forced his way through the thicket, and threw himself down on the brow of the hill it skirted. For a moment he felt as if he had discovered a place of rest, and absolute solitude had calmed his perturbed mind; and he began to resort to those subterfuges of a licentious reason, by which he had often before succeeded in silencing conscience. He compared his own conduct with that of many of his old associates; he found excuses for his first errors in his inexperience, and for his later ones, in the strength of temptation; and he began to think, that, after all, the sum of his guilt was not absolutely so great as he had imagined. But these thoughts only lasted for a moment. Again the image of Eleanor rose before him, and he felt her cold hand grasp his arm in the convulsion of phrenzy. Then again he heard that wild cry which had been his terrible farewell as he rushed from the house, and all his reasonings and calculations gave way to thoughts which had a more powerful hold upon

his mind. With not even the relief which his quick and long walk had before given him, he was now entirely exposed to the torment of his situation; and, as the clouds shifted about in the dusk heavens, and the wind rustled among the thin branches of the tall trees, many were the forms and voices that seemed to be threatening him with retribution. Often he thought that the sounds he heard had a distinctness which even his appalled fancy could not have given them, and he more than once sank down on the thick grass which formed his seat, and grasped it as if to save himself from approaching danger. But the wind was rising in that strange and sudden manner which generally preludes the tempest storms at the end of autumn. A sudden gust swept wildly through the thicket, and whirled the heaps of dried leaves that lay on the ground till they fell again like a heavy shower of rain. Then the low heavy breeze came moaning on till it ended in a faint shrilly sound, and left all again in perfect silence. For a short time it seemed as if the moon would burst through the shattered clouds, and that the night, after this capricious rising of the wind, would resume its clear and tranquil brilliancy. But the breeze again came, and with a deeper and longer continued murmur. Again the clouds closed upon the struggling moon, and complete darkness followed the hush of the blast. Edmunds watched these changes of the elements with an intensity of apprehension, as if he alone were the object for which the tempest was to send forth its terrors. With eye and ear on their utmost stretch, not a leaf or a cloud stirred, but it was perceived by him; and in every pause of the wind, he turned up his anxious look to the sky, as if the next sound he heard was to be the pealing of his own death-watch. At length the heavens spoke. The trees, the low underwood, and the massy clouds, seemed to have felt the breath of a breeze he had not perceived, and as they moved and rustled under its secret power, the whole fury of the long-gathering tempest burst like a cataract from the sky. The flash of the lightning, the roaring of the thunder, and the deluging fall of water which beat down all beneath it, seemed to meet in the same instant, and to threaten everything exposed to the storm with instant destruction. But the witness of this elemental war had no time to look around on the present ravages of the storm. It had but begun its ruin. Again and again the clouds clashed together in their furious onset, and the lightning darted through the constant and heavy rain as if aimed each time at some devoted thing upon the earth. Stricken with fears which he had never before felt, Edmunds moved not from the spot where he stood: as if doomed beyond escape to perish there, he made no attempt to find either safety or shelter, and he remained insensible to all but the supernatural terror of the tempest.

It was not the rolling of the thunder only which gave a voice to the raging storm. The wind and rain, rushing and bursting continually from every part of the heavens, filled the air with a thousand voices; and the clamours and shrieks of raging or perishing multitudes seemed swelling in the distance. But there was one cry which Edmunds could not lose in the confused murmur: it rang in his ears above all others; and, in the gleam of the lightning, he thought he beheld the form of her from whom it proceeded. The storm raged louder; the rain fell in heavier torrents, and the night, as it waxed later, appeared to double its terrors. But the voice, which so held his imagination, was still upon the breeze. He thought it approached him; but as the wind blew from one and then another quarter, he felt that it was but fancy, and he strove to shake away the terrifying idea. But this was impossible. A dreadful thought seized his mind: he imagined he saw the wretched being whom he had left; her voice seemed to sound close beside him; he

rushed forward in a delirious terror, and, horror-stricken, found himself clasped in the arms of the mad and dying girl. . . .

STANZAS.

Thou wilt think of me, Love.

BY SOPHIA SANDYS.

WHEN these eyes, long dimmed with weeping
In the silent dust are sleeping;
When above my narrow bed
The breeze shall wave the thistle's head—

Thou wilt think of me, Love!

When the queen of beams and showers
Comes to dress the earth with flowers;
When the days are long and bright,
And the moon shines all the night—

Thou wilt think of me, Love!

When the tender corn is springing,
And the merry thrush is singing;
When the swallows come and go,
On light wings flitting to and fro—

Thou wilt think of me, Love!

When laughing childhood learns by rote
The cuckoo's oft-repeated note;
When the meads are fresh and green,
And the hawthorn buds are seen—

Thou wilt think of me, Love!

When, 'neath April's rainbow skies,
Violets ope their purple eyes;
When mossy bank and verdant mound,
Sweet knots of primroses have crown'd—

Thou wilt think of me, Love!

When the meadows glitter white,
Like a sheet of silver light;
When blue-bells gay and cowslips bloom,
Sweet-scented brier and golden broom—

Thou wilt think of me, Love!

Each bud shall be to thee a token
Of a fond heart rent and broken;
And the month of joy and gladness,
Shall but fill thy soul with sadness;
And thou wilt sigh for me, Love!

When thou ro'ist the woodland bowers,
Thou shalt cull spring's sweetest flowers;
And shalt strew, with bitter weeping,
The lonely bed where I am sleeping—
And sadly mourn for me, Love!

OTWAYS "VENICE PRESERVED."

To the Editor of the Athenæum.

SIR,—An able article in a late number of THE ATHENÆUM, on the acting of Miss Kemble, induced me to read, for the first time, "Venice Preserved." A few of the observations I then made, though hastily thrown together, may not perhaps be unacceptable to the lovers of dramatic writing, as pointing to a distinction not hitherto very clearly or generally made—between the plan to be pursued by authors, when their thoughts are to be presented to the world through the medium of actors and with the aid of stage effect, and when they are to be laid before the mind without any such assistance or intervention.

Accustomed chiefly to the tragedies of Shakespeare, I could hardly help pronouncing Otway's play a monstrous picture of every odious human quality, unmitigated by any gleams of that moral beauty, the just perception of which, is one of the finest attributes of the real poet. Poetic truth requires that, in every representation of life, good and bad should be invested with their proper hues; that they should not be so confounded, "*ut nec pes nec caput uni reddatur forme*." Such persons as those to whom Otway introduces us, could never have existed. They call to mind the unnatural attempt, supposed by the Roman lyrist, to unite the limbs of various animals, and then clothe the infernal figure in the mingled plumes of various birds: and if we do not laugh at so strange a sight, it is because it excites too much disgust and horror. We feel that, in "Venice Preserved," patriotism and

vindictive hatred of control, religion and hypocrisy, malignance and scepticism, were terms almost held synonymous by the author. We cannot, therefore, but condemn the play, in the exact proportion that we think this confusion must tend to break down, in uncultivated minds, the too feeble barriers between right and wrong. How is it that *Belvidera* is so little lovely, though a beautiful and loving female? The fact is, she is not a woman, and consequently is a being with whom we can hardly sympathize. None of that feminine grace and delicacy, which able writers love to portray in all their charming forms, can be said to belong to her. Her very love is what few men would desire to possess. Difficult as it is to imagine ardent love without beauty or attraction, yet such is *Belvidera's* passion;—it is what the vilest of the sex might feel in all its perfection. Nor is this the worst:—the reader's imagination, instead of being enlisted as an auxiliary, and allowed to do that which is undone, is tied up by the most provoking circumstantiality, which informs him, particular by particular, that every feeling is not what he could wish it to have been.

In searching for beautiful passages, we find no touch or combination of any kind evincing genius, amidst all the descriptions and eloquent lines so often quoted.

It may reasonably be asked, how an individual professing these opinions, can account for the popularity of "*Venice Preserved*"?—I answer, that he may do so from the scope which it allows the actors—from the way in which it calls into exercise all the power of their fascinating art. It is full of action of a very exciting kind. Many also of its defects are lost in the violent operation of feelings exhibited: the want of individuality, especially, is overlooked. But whilst *Belvidera* is always Miss Kemble, or some other lady, in unwonted situations, *Juliet*, *Ophelia*, *Olivia*, &c., are themselves alone, whoever plays them—distinct and perfect beings, who could neither say nor do anything exactly like another person,—as is the case with living characters. Thus it is that a play may read very well, and not act—such are *Irene*, *Cato*, *Manfred*, &c. In these the diction, the imagery, and the sentiments, if not free from the chaste coldness of literary polish, are strikingly beautiful.

Tasteful and educated minds are not affected like those of an inferior order; the latter are apt to effervesce with violence, and afford a spectacle pleasing to the mob, in whose breasts a love of the dreadful exists,—a wise dispensation, probably having for its object to provide that, when calamities occur, there may generally be spectators at hand to render aid. The feelings of the former are often too fine and complicated to be expressed at all, in such a way as to be generally comprehensible. Thus truly great men rarely write popular plays: they will not permit their character to fall into the enormous absurdities of *Jaffier* and *Pierre*; their griefs are borne with dignity; and with their thoughts and actions the people have small sympathy. Had not Shakespeare written, I should have deemed it impossible to do what he has done.

From his instance, were it not a solitary one, we might suppose that fine dramas must be popular, and that the distinction I allude to is chimerical. It therefore rests with us to show how in him the apparent extremes are united. He differed, perhaps, from every other author, in possessing a truly creative genius. It was never necessary for him to copy. Beings complete and consistent in themselves rose in his imagination when required. Nor are these beings in any respect different from human beings: they are as strictly men and women as those around us. Had Shakespeare been a literary man,—which, though a man of information, he assuredly was not,—his mind would have dwelt too much on ideas of abstract beauty, to have been able to give his charac-

ters natural feelings and peculiarities; he would probably still have created,—though the difficulty of doing so increases, the more we deviate from our own sphere of thought,—but not what the world could feel or take delight in. His only creatures would have been divinities and fiends; his only habitations Tartarus and Elysium. The *Venus of Medicis* shows how far imagination can avail itself of supernatural conceptions. In it the link between physical and ideal beauty seems almost formed, and the fable of Prometheus realized. What is here effected in sculpture, is perceived by very few;—but more I believe is done than poetry could effect; because in the latter, the step, by which we ascend into the ideal world, must itself be imagined: in the former, it is actually erected. It may therefore be doubted whether much is to be done, where men so much delight to labour and explore. Genius is a pure and self-existent quality; but the waxen wings on which alone the *πῶλλον* can ever hope to soar, will melt away when spread in regions brighter than their own. But I digress;—Shakespeare universally delights, because, whilst he paints life in all its freshness and variety, the truth and beauty of his conceptions blaze out in every page. In the greater part of writing there is no creation, but only combination, more or less skilful and harmonious. The limits between these are not, indeed, very easily to be laid down. But when an author's characters have no peculiar features, and seem to be brothers and sisters to each other, and a thousand other people whom you have the misfortune to know—when they say and do either what anybody would say and do, if similarly circumstanced, or what nobody would say and do, which is, if possible, still worse,—he is not a man of genius, whatever may be his taste or his acquirements. He does not make; but Shakespeare does at pleasure. Ordinary people may write very well for the stage or for the closet, but not for both at the same time; and numerous reasons, at first sight trivial, may prevent men apparently of genius from achieving the arduous task.

To bring these remarks to a close, I may add a conviction of my own—at variance, by the bye, with the sentiments expressed in your article on Miss Kemble—that all plays, properly so called, gain, on the whole, by consistent representation,—however ready I may be to allow, that an able man might arrive at their spirit with the greatest ease in privacy. To imagine the facts, such as they often are, which have an influence on the different persons, is to most men an impossibility. The manners, the costume, and the places, are what our memories will not readily picture to us. A tolerable actor is a careful and learned commentator, who gives you the information you need, in order to comprehend the subject. In most cases, his notion of a character is more accurate than your own. If this is not so, the text is commonly before you, and you may reject the interpretation.

I remain your obedient servant, J. C.

SONNET.

BY DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON.

(Written after a Gale at Sea on his last Voyage to India.)

LIKE mountain mists, that roll on sultry airs
Unheard and slow, the huge waves heave around
That lately roared in wrath. The storm-fiend,
bound

Beneath his unseen cave, no longer tears
The vexed and wearied main. The moon appears,
Uncurtaining wide her azure depths profound,
To cheer the sullen calm. Though not a sound
Reposing nature breathes, my rapt soul hears
The far-off murmurs of my native streams,—
Like music from the stars,—the silver tone
In memory's lingering echo. Ocean's zone
In folds me from the past;—this small bark seems
The centre of a world, an island lone,
And home and love are now departed dreams.

MUSIC.

FIRST MEETING OF THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

THE first meeting for the season of 1830, of the unrivalled orchestra of this excellent Society, took place on Monday evening last, for a trial of new compositions, &c. The meeting, generally, was one of peculiar interest, being the earliest assemblage of the *élite* of the British musical professors, after a long vacation, and a performance of all that could be collected together in the way of novelty, the produce of that period.

A young professor, of the name of Lucas, a performer on the violoncello, and who has been educated at the Royal Academy, produced a *sinfonia* which was ably led by the respected veteran Spagnoletti. Lucas has been spoken of in the profession, for a considerable time past, as a youth of extraordinary talent, and a sanguine expectation had been formed of his production: but we regret to say that it scarcely equalled our hopes; it was barren of melody and originality; and one who knew so much, had he possessed genius, would have written better. It was his second *sinfonia*, and written in the key of A minor principally, consisting of a *larghetto* in 6-8, an *allegro* in 6-4, (which, by the bye, might as well have been also in 6-8, and which much resembled a well known sonata for the piano-forte and violin of Hummel's), an *andante con moto* in 2-4, *minuetto*, and a *finale vivace*, all of which were played too slowly for the denominative time marked, although under the immediate direction of the composer.—The second piece was a magnificent, perfect, and sublime work of Spohr's, (his 3^{me} *sinfonia*, op. 78) comprising an *andante* grave in c minor, in which especially deserving of notice was a fine pedal bass of A flat, accompanied by the choicest and richest modulations for a considerable period, an *erudite allegro* in 6-8, an elegant and original *larghetto* in 9-8, which gave great delight, and was twice performed, *scherzo* *menuets*, and a striking *finale allegro* in c major. The performance was carefully led by F. Cramer, and was confessedly the gem of the evening.—To this succeeded an overture by the industrious Potter, conducted by himself, and led by the clever Weichsæll. It will not add much to Potter's laurels; as an overture it was three times too long, abounded in noise, heightened by triangles, octave flutes, drums, trumpets, &c. It would appear intended to represent the Turkish style, and about one-third of it would do excellently as a theatrical overture to some Turkish piece.—After this, Mr. Deane (the pupil of Addison's who lately made his *début* at Covent Garden theatre,) sang, with H. Phillips, a new duo of Rossini's, "*Dove vai*," from his opera of "*Guillaume Tell*." Deane possesses a pleasing voice, of considerable compass as to altitude, singing clearly and quite well up to the c and d on the ledger lines above the treble staff. He resembles Begrez, and the Signor Costa, who made his appearance at the Birmingham Festival last October (see *Athenæum*, No. 103, p. 648). He will probably become a more useful and better singer than either. Rossini's duo resembled Mozart, excepting in the latter part, which was decidedly *à la Rossini*. It is a clever and spirited effusion.—Mori led Lindpaintner's overture to "*Le Vampyr*" (his op. 70, in d) with spirit, and a characteristic and ingenious composition it is.—We are sorry to add, that the *trial* concluded with a wretched *sinfonia* (of three pages) and in two movements, by a Signor Bertini, who had it repeated with the utmost *sang froid*, amidst the jeers of the whole assemblage; it was too contemptible for further notice. The intense cold considerably affected the wind instruments, as well as the fingers, and other extremities, of the performers; but their well-practised skill overcame all obstacles, and rendered the performance, upon the whole, interesting.

The seven directors for the present season are, Bishop, Dance, Latour, Weichsell, Neate, Potter, and Sir G. Smart; the latter three being new this year, in the place of Cooke, Cramer, and Dizi.

The periods fixed for the performances are, in March before Easter; and April, May, and June after.

The only changes in the orchestra are a new violinist in the place of the regretted Gledhill; Sir George Smart's brother at the double bass, instead of the much respected James Taylor,† who, with his clever daughter Phœbe (a singer of excellent promise), is gone to America; and T. Cooke's son as principal oboe, an event we anticipated in the *Athenæum*, No. 112.

FOREIGN OPERA.

WE learn from the Leipzig papers, that Marschner, the composer of the opera "Der Vampyr," has brought out at the Leipzig Theatre his opera, the words by W. A. Wohlbruck, under the title of "Der Templer und Diu Judin," founded on Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe." It was completely successful, and after the representation, the composer (who directed in person) was called for, and, on his appearance, was greeted with reiterated plaudits. The critics speak of it as abounding in the most striking harmonic combinations, and in melodies both captivating and original. Although the subject is not new to the English stage, (it having furnished the *matériel* for about six different dramas, the last of which was "The Maid of Judah,") it is very probable this opera will be one of the earliest novelties at the English Opera House when their season commences.

THE THEATRES.

COVENT-GARDEN.

Miss Kemble's performance of *Euphrasia* in "The Grecian Daughter," has confirmed more fully even than her acting in *Belvidera*, the precise opinion we formed on her first appearance as *Juliet*. She has immense power, and cannot fail, if she continue on the stage, to prove an actress of the very first quality. In expressing our opinion that she is to become, rather than that she actually is, a first-rate artist, we would not be understood as disparaging her present efforts, which we estimate far above those of any female performer of the day, nor even as hinting an opinion that her talents are at all overrated by the public; yet we are not so blinded by our own admiration of her powers, nor so carried away by the well-deserved enthusiasm with which we join in greeting her, as not to see that, vast as are her capabilities, and truly wonderful, (when her age and theatrical inexperience are considered,) as are her performances, something is wanting to render her a perfect actress; and that that something she is in danger of missing, unless she prefer the counsel of her own gifted mind, to the applause of an audience in which corruption is more prevalent than refinement of taste. It is a misfortune, to which all performers are liable, that they hear the loud and boisterous shouts wrung from the assembled multitudes, by their brilliant but often equivocal hits, while they can have no consciousness of the deep and silent emotion excited by the best and really brightest passages in their acting. Every actor who aspires to perfection in his art, rather than to applause from the multitude, will reflect on this: and the reflection will caution him against misinterpreting the popular voice. He will assure himself that the clapping of hands, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs—however expressive of the public favour, and however just a criterion

† Father of the composer and vocalist, John Bianchi Taylor.

of the general opinion, when the play is over,—are neither the only nor the best tributes to his merit during the course of the performance. There is another species of applause—a dead silence, or a low murmur, the involuntary expression of inward emotion, of which he who has excited it, may never be conscious, yet which is a more glorious reward to his efforts, and would be a more sure guide in the path of excellence, than the most clamorous raptures.

Miss Kemble is fully capable of exciting the deep and silent emotion to which we have alluded. We have never been present at a performance of hers, during which we have not witnessed more than one instance of such a triumph. But we fear she is less conscious of her power in this respect, and of the value of such a power than of her skill in those more splendid bursts which draw down on her, and not always deservedly, the louder commendations of her spectators.

The errors to be remarked in Miss Kemble's acting, are nothing more than what are natural to an artist endowed with the extraordinary powers which she possesses,—namely, they are the very consequences of her power combined with her youth. No artist, be his art what it may, ever burst into perfection at once, and while in youth: early productions may display even more vigour than the performances of maturer years, but perfection in art, is only to be attained by study, practice, and experience. That perfection consists in the exercise of power, and the concealment of the consciousness of power. The highest triumph of artifice is to keep artifice undiscovered; and the absence of the pomp of art, is the greatest excellence in art. And here it is that Miss Kemble transgresses: she acts too much, or rather we should say, too continually; she is not to be accused of overdoing her part, but her efforts to do it with effect, are too unremitting and too perceptible.

It would be puerile to suppose, that an artist can be unconscious of the beauty of his own performance: but he spoils that beauty immediately that he allows to appear on the face of his work, any evidence of the consciousness of that beauty, beyond what is necessarily implied by the power to produce it.

We will proceed to point out a few passages in the performance of "The Grecian Daughter," which have suggested the foregoing remarks. The first appearance of *Euphrasia* on the stage, is well calculated to display a peculiar ability possessed by Miss Kemble, namely, that of overcoming the disadvantages of a stature not above the ordinary height. The attitude she assumed on entering, while she still exhorted the warriors combating in the cause of her parent, under the walls of the citadel, was most effective and judicious: the whole arrangement betokened a knowledge of art, great taste, and a perception of the beauty of composition; and her figure, robed in white, elevated on a platform, in a posture of great animation, and contrasting with a porphyry-coloured column beside it, formed a truly beautiful picture, which was not lost on the audience, but was appreciated and applauded as it deserved to be. In the first scene of the second act, in which *Euphrasia* prevails on *Philotas* to admit her to her father, she was particularly successful in the delivery of the passage,

If ever
The touch of nature throbbed within your breast,
Admit me to Evander: in these caves
I know he pines in want; let me convey
Some charitable succour to a father.

Hardly could Kean himself—and we hold him to be the greatest master living in the art of pathetic declamation—have exceeded the heart-reaching, yet true, simple, and unaffected feeling with which these lines were recited by Miss Kemble.

The stopping at the mouth of the cave, at the close of this scene, for the mere purpose of making an attitude, however sanctioned by thea-

trical practice, is, we submit, a forced exhibition, almost amounting to a stage strick, unworthy of a first-rate actress. It is uncalled for; and the attempt at effect is too obvious to be tolerated by sound taste.

In the second scene of the second act we should have written rant against the tone in which was uttered

The caves—the rocks re-echo to his groans,

had we not quickly perceived the effect of contrast it gave to the feeling which accompanied the delivery of the succeeding half line—

And is there no relief?

which was expressed in a tone of utter hopelessness and agony that drew a sigh from every bosom;—the feeling excited was too intense to vent itself in the clapping of hands.

In the fourth act, in the interview with *Dionysius*, when *Euphrasia* says to the tyrant—

Ask of thee protection!

The father's valour shall protect his boy.

An animated effort—a boasting manner—a degree of rant might have been expected and excused: but Miss Kemble knew better, and delivered the passage in a chaste and dignified tone, which showed the delicacy of her taste—the depth of her reflection. It was a masterly hit, yet appeared no hit at all.

In the passage shortly afterwards—

Dost thou deem him

Poorly wound up to a mere fit of valour,

To melt away in a weak woman's tear?

Euphrasia, to our regret, descended from her dignity. The question was asked in the bitter manner of Kean; but, in this, the power was more conspicuous than the taste of the actress.

The attitude with which *Dionysius* was heard, while he doomed the life of *Evander*, expressed most happily the calm and settled indifference of the listener, who knew the safety of her parent. It would have had more effect had the carriage of the actress in the course of the play relaxed more frequently into its natural ease.

The rushing to the feet of *Philotas*, and throwing herself on her knees, when, being relieved from her fears that he had betrayed her father, she finds that he had preserved him, was electrifying. The grouping, whether studied or not, was extremely beautiful, and reminded us of one of the figures in the "Sisters of Scio," in an annual of the present year.

One of the most animated passages of the whole performance was that in which, rushing before *Evander*, as *Dionysius* is about to strike him, *Euphrasia* bids the tyrant seek her parent's heart through hers:—

Strike here, these veins are full: here's blood enough;
The purple tide will gush to glad thy sight.

The propriety of the stamp of the foot at the word "gush," might be questioned, but the effect was delightful—the act seemed a true burst of passion. The attitude during the whole speech, was a subject for study, and was exceeded in beauty only by that which followed—the death-blow given to *Dionysius*. Then, while the drawing up of her form expressed pride and glory in the deed perpetrated to save a father's life, and to rid the country from oppression,—yet, as if conscious that to contemplate the horror of the scene her hand had wrought, was too much for a woman's weakness, she veils the sight from her eyes by holding up her left hand and arm, enveloped in her robe, before her face;—the thought and the attitude were both admirable; to object to them, would be impossible—yet the act seemed to approach the very limits of propriety, and of what would be natural.

In thus going through the particulars of this performance, we find much less occasion for expressing our dissent from passages of the acting, than, when reflecting on it generally, we had expected. The defects, it is evident, if they be such, have made less impression than the instances of perfection; the latter are well enti-

ded to efface the former. We regret this failure in memory the less, as we feel convinced that Miss Kemble wants no monitor but study and experience: her own taste will warn her against the effects of public applause, when injudiciously bestowed. We concur in the opinion, which we find general, that her *Euphrasia* in "The Grecian Daughter," is her *chef-d'œuvre*.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

THERE is nothing of novelty at this house to speak of, for Jack in the Box and Mr. Kean amuse the audiences by turns. Mr. Planche's translation of "The Brigand," has been represented again. Apropos of the Brigand—how does it happen that the public are robbed of Mr. Farren's services in this drama? The first night of its representation we saw, and was highly pleased with his personation of the *Governor of Rome*: it has since, for what reason we know not, been done by an inferior hand. The manager is responsible to the public, that his commodities should at least answer "the sample"—but in this particular, we imagine, all public considerations are sacrificed to private caprice.

TOTTENHAM-STREET THEATRE.

ON Saturday evening last, the new managers of this theatre made a vigorous attempt at rivaling the large houses, by producing a drama of powerful interest, and treating their audience occasionally with dialogue worth listening to. A three-act musical play, bearing the portentous title of "The Field of Forty Footsteps," and proceeding from the pen of Mr. Percy Farren, was produced, and it was deservedly successful. It is founded on an old tradition of the hatred of two brothers, and their meeting and slaying each other, after a desperate combat, in a field subsequently distinguished by the name which the drama bears, and now covered by the numerous new streets and squares between Woburn-place and Tottenham Court-road. The time of action is laid in the troubled times of the Roundheads and the Cavaliers—the escapes of one party, and the triumphs of the other, are appositely introduced, and the catastrophe is admirably brought about by a skilful introduction of a great portion of the incidents which close the story of "The Bride of Lammermoor." The Veres are identified with the *Ashtons*, and Sir Arthur Matchlowe with *Edgar Ravenswood*; and the imperious disposition of *Lady Vere* is made to cause the misfortunes of all parties. By this introduction, and as the author has been discriminating enough to adhere almost entirely to the original train of incidents, and beautifully written language, he has rendered the catastrophe less horribly improbable, and given a satisfactory clue to the origin and increase of the mutual scorn and detestation of the brothers.

Vining personated Sir Arthur Matchlowe with great energy and judgment; and Miss A. Tree represented *Frances Vere* with peculiar delicacy and feeling. Her attitudes and demeanour, in the last scene but one, were chaste and appropriate. Mrs. Waylett, as a pert and arch attendant, displayed considerable vivacity, and sang with much taste.

THEATRICAL CHIT-CHAT.

SHAKESPEARE'S "Henry V." and "Riches," a play adapted some years ago from Massinger's "City Madam" for Mr. Kean, are in rehearsal at Drury Lane. *Henry V.* is a character Kean has often played in the provinces, but never before a London audience.

Poor Sherwin has at length fallen a victim to his interpreted habits; he was clever both as an artist and an actor; in the personation of

rustics, he was always excellent. His salary, when he had an engagement at Drury, was six pounds a week, but (although a single man) this sum was unequal to his support.

—Mademoiselle Sontag has made her last appearance at Paris.

—The severity of the weather has delayed the arrival of the French artistes among us, and consequently their representations.

SCIENCE.

MOTHS.

THESE little insects, whose ravages are every where seen with regret, by all notable housekeepers, are deserving of more attention than they generally seem to excite. That in their labours they are so little noticed, may partly arise from their operating chiefly in darkness; for, as if modestly retiring from observation, they work with the greatest energy when secured from the interruption of light. In their attacks also they may be observed, not to commence their devastations on the outer part of the article, where they are situated, but they bury themselves closely in the skin, if fur, or web, if cloth; and then, working away under cover, it is only when their ravages have become considerable, that the upper structure falls off, and discovers to view the well-conducted industry of these minute enemies. Nor is it for food alone that such havoc is made in our wardrobes: these little depredators must construct for themselves a covering and a nest, for which, and the after alterations of which, more materials are destroyed than would suffice each insect during its short life for food, as it is only during the caterpillar state that it seems to require its ordinary sustenance. After arriving at its full growth, it quits (like the silkworm and other species,) the immediate scene of its previous existence, and retires to some crevice or corner to await its change into a state of *chrysalis*, in which it remains nearly three weeks before it finally assumes the appearance of the finely-winged moth, under which form it is most familiar to us. Essential oils, and many substances of very pungent odour, have the effect of destroying these moths, as if by suffocation;—for this purpose nothing more is necessary than to introduce into their haunts any such substance as camphor, cajuput, turpentine, &c.; and it is with this view, that persons strew their drawers with spices and strong-smelling flowers, and, under most circumstances thus effectually prevent the violence of their ravages.

Important Discovery.—It was stated last Saturday evening, by Professor Thomson, at the Westminster Medical Society, that none of the salts of lead were poisonous, with the exception of the carbonates of lead, and the others only so, when they approached the nature of carbonate, by mixing with the gases in the stomach; and in those cases where the acetate of lead is given for spitting of blood, it should be accompanied with large doses of vinegar. This keeps it in a state of acetate, destroying the poisonous qualities, but leaving the medicinal powers unimpaired. This is an important discovery, as medical men generally are afraid to use this remedy in large doses,—from the statements of Sir George Baker and others, that its administration produced injurious effects. The Professor was of opinion that the action of the carbonate of lead was on the nervous system, for in the stomach and intestinal canal, no trace of previous inflammation existed in those who had been poisoned by it.

Salt versus Snow.—During the late severe weather, the attention of the public has been directed by some of the journals to the expediency of strewing the doorways and paths with

salt, to facilitate the removal of the ice and snow, and to prevent their becoming frozen and dangerous. The propriety of this application has, on the other hand, been strongly impugned, and even denied, by some, who have founded their counter-statement on the circumstance that salt and snow, when intimately blended together, form a frigorific mixture capable of freezing water, and reducing the temperature of any fluid immersed in it very considerably. In so doing, however, it becomes, itself, a semi-fluid, absorbing the caloric of the newly-frozen body, and thus becoming a saline solution, which subsequently can only be frozen by very intense cold. The only objection to such an application of salt lies in its prevention of quick evaporation, thereby keeping the place to which it has been applied continually damp, until it shall have been thoroughly washed off. It is on this principle, that salt river-water has been recommended for watering the roads immediately contiguous during the summer time, as, from such watering, they would retain something like humidity, when others were quickly dry and dusty.

History and Geology mutually confirmatory.—In the first of a course of Lectures on the Natural Sciences, recently commenced at Paris in the *Collège de France*, by M. Cuvier, that learned naturalist took occasion to remark on the tendency of history and geology to confirm each other.—While the traditions of every country (he observed,) have preserved the memory of a great catastrophe, which changed the whole surface of the globe, and destroyed the human race almost to a man,—geology teaches us, that, of the various revolutions which have taken place in the matter which forms the world, the last corresponds with sufficient nicety with the period assigned to the Deluge. The date of this great event is to be fixed, (continues M. Cuvier,) with tolerable precision, on purely geological considerations, in the following manner: There are certain formations which would necessarily have commenced immediately after the last great change on the earth's surface, and which, from that moment to our days, have continued with great regularity. Of this kind are the accumulations of earth at the mouths of rivers—the slopes existing at the foot of mountains, and which are formed of fragments fallen from the summits. These respective deposits receive an annual augmentation, the quantity of which may be ascertained by observation. There is, consequently, no difficulty in calculating the time necessary for them to acquire the dimensions which they are observed to be of at present. Calculations to that effect have been made with regard to the deposits at the foot of mountains, and give a result of from five to six thousand years. The same calculation being made as to the deposits at the mouths of rivers, gives the same number of years.

Antiquity of the Sciences.—Astronomy (says M. Cuvier, in his Lecture on the Natural Sciences,) is the science, the cultivation of which is to be traced to the earliest period of antiquity; and this seems to have become the object of study in different countries at the same time. The first observation of an eclipse, made by the Chinese, the authenticity of which is established, is in the year 776 B.C. At Babylon, the most ancient observation made by the Chaldeans, was in the year 747. It has been said, indeed, that Callisthenes sent to Aristotle, from Babylon, a series of observations for a space of 1900 years. But this is an observation deserving of no confidence; it is found mentioned for the first time in Synesius, a writer of the sixth century of the Christian era; but Aristotle, who speaks of astronomy in several parts of his work, makes no mention of so important a fact, which he would not have failed to have done, had it been true.

SCOTCHMEN IN LONDON.

"Ma. Murray, who was the London publisher of the Edinburgh Magazine and Review, was a very respectable and eminent bookseller in Fleet Street, London; where he succeeded to the business of Mr. Millan, a Scotsman, who, to accommodate himself to the prejudices of the English, (formerly strong against the Scots,) changed his original name of Mac Millan, by dropping the patronymic Mac, signifying *clan of*. Macklin, the famous comedian, who was an Irishman, had, in a somewhat similar manner, changed his name of McLane to Macklin; and Almsack, a Scotchman, well known at the fashionable end of the town, by keeping a famous subscription house in Pall Mall, nearly opposite the Palace of St. James's, altered his name from McCaul. The original name of Mr. John Murray was Mac Murray, under which name he served his country for several years as an officer of Marines; and being reduced upon half-pay at the close of the war, which ended in 1763, he purchased the stock in trade and good-will of Mr. Millan, then lately deceased, and imitated him in dropping the northern Mac. He was succeeded in business at his death by his son, the present Mr. John Murray, who now carries on the bookselling business extensively in the same shop in Fleet Street."—*Smellie's Mem. by Kerr.*

When Mr. Murray removed to Albemarle Street, he disposed of his shop, No. 32, Fleet Street, to the late Mr. Thomas Underwood, also a Scotsman, whose brother now continues the business. If not the oldest book-shop in London, it is very nearly upon the site of the oldest; Wynkin de Worde having occupied premises about this very spot, some three hundred years ago.

Original Anecdote of Lord Byron.—Pistol-shooting, it is well known, was ever a favourite amusement with Lord Byron. When his Lordship was about to quit this country on his pilgrimage, he was detained some time at Falmouth, the packet-boat in which he was to embark for Lisbon being prevented from sailing by contrary winds. There was nothing in the neighbourhood sufficiently curious to excite his Lordship's attention: he therefore sought amusement by crossing in a boat to the opposite shore of Trefusis, with his servant; and there setting his gold-headed cane upright in the ground, would fire at the knob with his pistols. The pleasure Lord Byron took in this exercise continued during his residence in Italy. During the three years which he spent in Ravenna, it was his almost daily practice, in the evenings of summer, to ride with any friend who might be visiting him to the celebrated Pine Forest, which skirts the shore of the Adriatic, in the neighbourhood, and there amuse himself for an hour in firing at a mark with pistols.

Length of Night in various parts.—The longest night at Cayenne and Pondicherry is 12 hours; at Hayti, 13 hours; at Isbahan, 14; at Paris, Dijon, and Carcasonne, 15; at Arras and Dublin, 16; at Copenhagen and Riga, 17; at Stockholm, 18; at Drontheim, in Norway, Archangel, &c., 20; at Ulea, in Bothnia, 21, and at Tornes, 22. At Enouteikes, the total absence of the sun endures 45 days consecutively; at Wardhuns, 66; at Cape North, 74; and lastly, Melville Island is totally destitute of light for 102 days.

Early Portraits by Sir Thomas Lawrence.—One of the first portraits painted in London by the late President of the Royal Academy was that of Mr. Linley, brother of the first wife of R. B. Sheridan, so celebrated for her fascinating qualities. The picture is a half-length, and represents Mr. Linley in the costume of the scholars of St. Paul's school, in which he was then re-

ceiving his education. Mr. Linley, who is the proprietor of this picture, has also in his possession a portrait of his sister, Mrs. Sheridan, executed by Sir Thomas Lawrence about the same period, but in crayons. Both the paintings and the drawings are represented to us as masterly performances in their respective kinds, and as remarkable for those characteristics of delicacy and grace which, in maturer life, so greatly distinguished all the productions of Sir Thomas's pencil.

Brotherhood of Youths in Turkoman.—Among the Turkomans in Anatolia there formerly existed a form of primitive hospitality, of which the great Moorish traveller Ibn Batuta gives the following description:—"In all the Turkoman towns," he relates, "there is a *Brotherhood of Youths*, one of whom in particular is styled, *my Brother*. No people are more courteous to strangers, more readily supply them with food and other necessities, or are more opposed to oppressors than they are. The person styled the *Brother* is one about whom individuals of the same occupation, or even friendless strangers, collect and constitute him their president. He then builds a cell, and puts into it a horse, saddle, and whatever else may be necessary; he also attends on his companions, and in the evening they all meet together, bringing whatever they may have collected for the use of the cell. Should a stranger arrive among them, they cheerfully maintain him till he leaves the country. The members of this association are styled the *Youths*, and the president the *Brother*." Ibn Batuta experienced the kindness of this society as soon as he arrived in Anatolia. A man came to him, in order to invite him and his companions to a feast. Our traveller was astonished that one who looked so poor should think of feasting so many; but was informed, that this man was one of the brotherhood, a company of two hundred silk merchants, who had a cell of their own; he therefore consented, and witnessed their extraordinary kindness and liberality. Scenes of this kind occurred to him frequently among the Turkomans. On one occasion, when entering a town, he found himself suddenly surrounded by a number of persons, who seized the reins of his horse, and caused him great alarm; but some one, who could speak Arabic, coming up, said that they were contending as to who should entertain him, as they belonged to the Society of Youths. Upon this he felt safe: the young men cast lots; and Ibn Batuta with his party proceeded to the mansion of the winners.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia.*

Retaliation.—The young ladies of Medina County (United States), among other means of preventing the too frequent use of ardent spirits, have resolved that they will not receive the addresses of any young gentleman who is in the habit of using spirituous liquors. The young gentlemen in the same neighbourhood, by way of retaliation, have resolved that they will not seriously pay their addresses to any young lady who wears corsets.—We offer to bet two to one on the gentlemen; and an equal bet that the ladies (being American ladies) will yield to both the alternatives, and put up with the presence of spirits, and the absence of corsets, rather than go loverless.

Cannibalism of the Chinese.—The Mahometan travellers, Wahab and Abuzaid, who visited China in the ninth century, state, that the Chinese were in the habit of eating all criminals who were put to death. Their cannibalism, indeed, does not seem to have resembled that of savage nations, who devour their enemies in order to gratify revenge, or to indulge in the excesses of ferocity; among the Chinese, apparently, the bodies of those who were publicly executed were left to be eaten by the poor and hungry. However incredible this account may ap-

pear, the Chinese annals lend it some confirmation; for they state, that when famines have occurred in that kingdom, human flesh has been sold in the markets; and that it was dangerous at those periods to go abroad after sunset, men being constantly on the watch to seize and butcher all whom they could lay their hands upon.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia.*

Parisian Winters.—The extra expense occasioned to the city of Paris, for breaking and carrying away the ice from the streets and public places, was 150,000fr. in January and February 1826; in January, February, and March 1827, it was 163,003fr.; in the following year, there was no winter; in January, February, and March 1829, the expense was 196,000fr. The present severe weather began on the 6th of December, and the cold continuing to augment, and a great quantity of snow having fallen, no less a sum than 146,000fr. was expended to the end of December alone, for labour and transport in clearing away the ice.

Period of the first formation of the Egyptian Delta.—All the lower part of Egypt is, as the Priests told Herodotus, a present of the Nile. The river every year leaves a fresh bed of mud; these beds, as they lie one above the other, are still distinguishable, and show how much the soil has become raised in a given number of years. By a very simple process of calculation, says M. Cuvier, a proof is thence derived, that 2000 years before Christ the Delta did not exist.

Customs of the Turks imitated from the Christians.—The Turks, when they became masters of Constantinople, borrowed from the Greeks many of their customs and formalities, and even the fashion of their dress. The pomp of the Ottoman court was arranged, in a great measure, in imitation of that of the Greek emperors; and it is curious to observe, that the odious custom of searching the persons of those who are admitted to the imperial presence (a custom still partially retained at the Porte, even in the case of ambassadors), appears to be among those which the Turks have only copied from the Greeks.—*Cabinet Cyclopædia.*

Byron's Opinion of Curran.—The riches of his Irish imagination were exhaustless. I have heard that man speak more poetry than I have ever seen written,—though I saw him seldom, and but occasionally. I saw him presented to Madame de Staël at Mackintosh's;—it was the grand confluence between the Rhone and the Saone, and they were both so d—d ugly, that I could not help wondering how the best intellects of France and Ireland could have taken up respectively such residence.—*Moore's Life of Byron.*

Indications of Greatness.—When I met H—L—, the jailor, at Lord Holland's, before he sailed for St. Helena, the discourse turned on the battle of Waterloo. I asked him whether the dispositions of Napoleon were those of a great general? He answered, disparagingly, "that they were very simple." I had always thought that a degree of simplicity was an ingredient of greatness.—*Ibid.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

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Errata.—In the last No. of The Athenæum, p. 31, col. 2, par. 3, for "Bishop," read "T. Cooke;"—col. 3, line 6, for "dissolution," read "solution."

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